

3200
(APPROVED BY CARL LAMMLE, JR.)

"I M - H O - T E P"

"THE MUMMY"

From the Story

by

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM and RICHARD SCHAYER

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Screen Play

by

JOHN L. BALDERSTON

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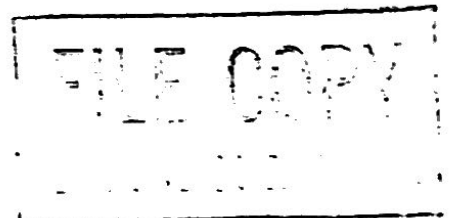
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SCENARIO EDITOR.....RICHARD SCHAYER

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PICTURE NO: 604-1

DIRECTOR: KARL FREUND

(September 12, 1932)

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SCRIPT NO. _____

CARL LAEMMLE, JR.
General Manager

"IM-HO-TEP"

SEQUENCES - SCENES

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"I M - H O - T E P"

CAST OF CHARACTERS

IM-HO-TEP: The mummy, written for Karloff.

SIR JOSEPH WHEMPLE: Director of British Museum Archeological Expedition, a typical practical scholar, age 40 in the first sequence; after that a man of 50, rather nervous and shot to pieces by his experience with the mummy. The actor should be able to display nerves.

NORTON: An English youth, an assistant to the expedition, who goes mad at the end of Sequence "A" when he brings the mummy to life. He does not appear again. A young actor wanted who can seem English and go mad convincingly.

DOCTOR MULLER: A Viennese expert in the occult, an elderly man, whose main job is to state the occult premises of the story convincingly and make the audience believe them. Van Sloan is the ideal man for the part.

PROFESSOR PEARSON: Head of the expedition in Sequence "B", who does not appear again. No particular acting ability called for but he should seem English and the scientific type. Age immaterial but he mustn't be young.

FRANK WHEMPLE: Son of Sir Joseph. As he's the hero he must be charming and attractive, but the normal juvenile type is not necessary. He can seem anything from twenty-five to the early thirties.

HELEN GROSVENOR: For the heroine a dark girl of Egyptian appearance is essential, she should approximate in type to the bust of Nefertiti in the Berlin Museum. Something mysterious and deep about her; an emotional actress of high caliber is needed to play the last sequence which calls for depth and power as well as subtlety. I suggested Katherine Hepburne for a test, but I think she has gone to New York.

NUBIAN: Servant of Sir Joseph who is annexed by IM-HO-TEP as his slave. Powerful negro of huge size needed.

FRAU MULLER: Wife of the occult expert, a matter-of-fact Austrian lady, very motherly, doesn't believe in any occult nonsense, should be a cultivated woman but with slight German accent.

MISS SPARLING: An English trained nurse, prosaic, matter-of-fact, small part.

CAST OF CHARACTERS (CONTINUED)

MEDICAL SPECIALIST: Called in to pronounce on Helen's condition, who should be impressive, dignified, and has a few lines.

MINOR CHARACTERS

An Armenian taxi driver, a Levantine Greek doorman, an Egyptian police inspector, an Egyptian police doctor, four Egyptian Museum guards, an Arab overseer of native workmen, 12 or 15 native Arab workmen, a group of European guests at dance at Cairo hotel, a jazz orchestra, Nubian waiters in hotel, a few European sightseers in Museum, an Arab street crowd, (but this last will be shot in Cairo.)

SILENT PARTS IN RETROSPECT

A Pharaoh, a rival high priest, priests, courtiers, dancing girls who are mourners at funeral, Egyptian soldiers, slaves, pallbearers, embalmers.

A number of Crusaders in armor wearing red cross.
Two half naked warriors of the 8th. Century A. D. and some women in skins at scene showing fight in forest.
A group of Christian martyrs in Rome and two Roman soldiers.
An 18th Century French gallant.

"IM-HO-TEP"

Sequence "A"

FADE IN:

A-1 LONG SHOT .. THE EGYPTIAN DESERT

showing by moonlight the rocky range just north of the Valley of the Kings, and, cut into the living rock at the base of the mountain, the columns of the Temple of Queen Hatshepsut. There is no sign of human life excepting, in the desert, a few hundred yards nearer the camera than the columns of the Temple, a ray of light from the window of a plaster hut.

(The shot should be Red Rock Canyon - the Temple processed. See Photo)

A-2 EXT. SHOT OF HUT BY MOONLIGHT

The English flag waves from a small pole on top of hut, and a sign over door, roughly painted on wooden slab, reads:

"FIELD EXPEDITION - SEASON 1921 -
BRITISH MUSEUM"

A-3 MEDIUM SHOT.. INT. HUT

There is a jumble of archeological material -- pottery, canopic jars, a wooden box, pieces of mummy cases, inscribed tablets. The place of honor is occupied by a mummy case in rear corner. The lid of the case has been removed and stands to one side. It bears the likeness of a middle-aged dignified man with large impressive head; the priestly diadem and the insignia of office depicted around the neck have been chipped and defaced glaringly. The mummy itself stands within the other half of the case, entirely wrapped in yellow bandages, except that the head has been unwrapped. Near the mummy stands upright camera as though photographs had been taken of it. On table center stands an oil lamp and littered on the table are a group of miscellaneous unimportant finds. Three men are seen. Two are seated, working at the table. They are Professor Sir Joseph Whemple, Director of the expedition, a man with jet black hair, aged forty and his assistant,

(CONTINUED)

an enthusiastic young English student of archeology just out of college, Ralph Norton. Professor Muller, Viennese student of the occult, famous Oriental scholar, silver, bushy hair, man of about 55, is standing studying the defaced lid of the mummy case.

The Professor and Norton are sticking small labels on small broken pieces of pottery and making notes. They are seated.

NORTON
Trying to teach me a lesson in patience, Sir Joseph?

WHEMPLE (laughs as he sticks label on potsherd)
Method is everything in archeology, my boy. We always deal with our finds of the day in order.

NORTON
Well, it seems to me that the box we dug up today with that very peculiar gentleman over there -- (gestures to mummy) -- is the only find we've made in two months that will get this expedition any medals from the British Museum.

WHEMPLE
We didn't come to dig in Egypt for medals. More has been learned from studying bits of broken pottery than from all the sensational finds -- and our job is to increase the sum of human knowledge of the past, not to satisfy our own curiosity.

CAMERA MOVES TO MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT of Muller, who has small knife in hand and turns to the mummy in the other half of the case. He carefully cuts away bandage over approximately the appendix region of the mummy and studies the exposed skin with a pocket microscope as Norton's protesting voice comes over....

NORTON'S VOICE
That's all true, Sir Joseph-- but after all we're human -- and a find like this! How can you wait?

(CONTINUED)

A-3 (CONTINUED)

CAMERA SWINGS BACK to Whemple as he replies slowly, still working...

WHEMPLE

This is your first trip -- I've been out here ten years. And I'm much more curious than you are about that mummy, and even more about that box.

CAMERA PANS to Muller.

MULLER

Whemple! The viscera were not removed -- the usual scar made by the embalmer's knife is not there!

CAMERA PANS BACK to Whemple.

WHEMPLE (as he works)

I guessed as much, Muller.

Norton gets up, takes a few steps joining Muller before the mummy. CAMERA MOVES TO CLOSEUP UNBANDAGED MUMMY'S HEAD and showing bandages hanging down. Instead of the peace of death which mummies normally have, his face and neck are distorted, head twisted to one side, the lips drawn back, baring the gums and the teeth, the muscles contorted.

NORTON (with a low whistle)
I had a good look at him when I photographed him. I never saw a mummy like that!

A-4 CLOSE SHOT MULLER

As he continues to Norton....

MULLER

Neither, I imagine, has anyone else.

CAMERA MOVES BACK to take in Norton.

NORTON

Looks as though he'd died in some sensationally unpleasant manner.

MULLER

The contorted muscles prove that he struggled in the bandages.

NORTON

Buried alive!
(He glances at the inscriptions on the mummy case)

(CONTINUED)

NORTON (continuing)
Im-ho-tep, High Priest of
the Temple of the Sun at
Karnak. Poor old fellow,
now what could you have
done to make them treat
you like that!

He half turns away with
a little shrug of dis-
taste and horror.

WHEMPLE'S VOICE
An execution for treason,
I suppose.

MULLER
Sacrilege, more likely.
(to Norton)
Look!

As he speaks Muller
touches the defaced in-
scriptions on the mummy
case...

The sacred spells that pro-
tect the soul on its
journey to the underworld
have been chipped off the
coffin. So Im-ho-tep was
sentenced to death not
only in this world, but in
the next!

NORTON
Maybe he got too gay with
the vestal virgins in the
Temple.

Norton says this lightly
but Muller replies ser-
iously...

MULLER
Possibly. The priestesses
of the Temple of Karnak
were daughters of the
reigning Pharaoh. They
were the sacred virgins of
Isis.

NORTON
Maybe the answer is in that
box they buried with him!
(he points to box)

CAMERA PULLS BACK, show-
ing Whemple, who rises.

WHEMPLE
I see I shall get no more
work out of you until we
open it - Come on, let's
have the box up here.
(gestures to table)

Norton eagerly picks box
up and puts it on the table
as he remarks.

NORTON
The wood's so rotten it
will fall apart at a touch!

The two men with ease
pull the rotten wood apart.
Within stands an object wrapped

CONTINUED

A-4 (CONTINUED)

in yellow linen, which has itself decayed, so that as they touch it the linen crumbles.

WHEMPLE

It's metal --- looks like copper.

By now the wrappings have been removed and the find is seen to be a casket of tarnished metal.

NORTON

Whatever it is, it's terribly heavy.

Whemple picks up knife and scratches the casket, which gleams yellow. He takes a shaving of the metal and pours a drop of acid on it.

WHEMPLE

It's gold!

Then he drops on his knees and examines two clay seals affixed where a keyhole would be, in a modern casket.

(astonished and excited)

I say, look here!

Both the others kneel and examine the seals.

A-5 CLOSEUP TWO CLAY SEALS

On them the cartouches of the Pharaoh Amenophis.

NORTON (excited)

The unbroken seals of the Pharaoh Amenophis!

WHEMPLE

Some temple treasure!

Whemple slits the seals carefully (to avoid defacing them) with a sharp knife, and opens the lid. He lifts out a small box of translucent alabaster and sets it on the table.

A-6 CLOSEUP LID OF BOX

Showing Egyptian hieroglyphics.

A-7 MEDIUM SHOT...MEN AROUND THE BOX

WHEMPLE (reading)

"Death, eternal punishment... for anyone who opens this casket in the name of Amon Ra, the King of the Gods." Good heavens, what a terrible curse this is!

(CONTINUED)

TV

A-7 (CONTINUED)

NORTON

Let's see what's inside!

Muller lays his hand protestingly on the lid of the casket.

A-8 CLOSEUP MULLER

showing strong emotion as he speaks...

MULLER

Wait -- you have read the curse!

CAMERA PULLS BACK to MEDIUM SHOT

WHEMPLE

We all recognize your mastery of the occult sciences, Muller, but -- I can't let your beliefs interfere with my work.

MULLER (still with hand on casket)

Why did you send for me this afternoon?

WHEMPLE

As a friend -- and as an expert, because I saw this find was unique, and I wanted your opinion.

MULLER

It was providential that you did!

NORTON (with ill-concealed scorn)

Come, Doctor Muller, a few thousand years in the ground would take the mumbo-jumbo off any old curse!

MULLER (looks at him scornfully-- to Whemple)

I cannot speak before a boy.

(with gesture to door)

Come out under the stars of Egypt.

(to Norton emphatically)

Do not touch that casket!

Norton and Whemple exchange glances.

WHEMPLE (to Norton)

Go on with your cataloging. We'll open it later.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Whemple and Muller to door. : Whemple continues to Muller:

WHEMPLE

You needn't think you can persuade me not to examine the most remarkable find in my whole experience out here --

A-9 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT
RALPH AT TABLE

He registers annoyance, and tries to go on making notes on one or two small objects, stealing glances at box. His curiosity is too much for him. He gets up and picks the alabaster casket up. He holds it up to the light thrown by the lamp.

A-10 CLOSEUP ALABASTER BOX

It is translucent alabaster and we see the light of the lamp through it, and inside a dark object. It might be anything.

A-11 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT..NORTON AT TABLE

He puts the casket down. He turns away as though to go on with his work. Then we see temptation conquer him; just one peek, the Professor will never know! He looks at box again. He sees that the knife has cut the seals. He opens the lid.

A-12 CLOSEUP INTERIOR BOX

Showing roll of yellowed papyrus.

(NOTE: This is the facsimile of the roll of the Book of the Dead, which the studio has.)

A-13 MEDIUM LONG SHOT..THE STEPS
OF TEMPLE OF HATSHEPSUT -
THE CLIFFS RISING BEHIND IT

In the moonlight we see two figures sitting on the steps. They are Whemple and Muller in earnest conversation.

A-14 TWO SHOT..WHEMPLE & MULLER
TEMPLE STEPS

Behind them are the columns hewn out of solid rock that lead into the interior of the mountain.

(NOTE: This is all authentic)
 (See photographs)

(CONTINUED)

A-14 CONTINUED)

MULLER

Why else was the casket
buried but to prevent further
sacrilege?

WHEMPLE (rising)

If you are right about the
legend, then this casket
may contain the scroll of
Thoth from the Holy of
Holies of the Temple --
and I can hardly wait to
get back to find out!

MULLER (also rising)

The gods of Egypt still
live in these hills -- in
their ruined temples --
the ancient spells are
weaker -- but some of them
are still potent -- and I
believe you have in your
hut the scroll of Thoth it-
self -- which contains the
great spell by which Isis
raised Osiris from the dead--
handed down from Pharaoh to
Pharaoh and from high priest
to high priest from before
the First Dynasty of Egypt!

A-15 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT..INT. HUT

Norton carefully lifts roll
of papyrus out of box, sits
down at table with it, begins
to unroll it.

A-16 CLOSEUP FROM ANOTHER ANGLE..
NORTON'S FACE POURING OVER
THE PAPYRUS

He gives a low whistle and
bends excitedly over the scroll.

A-17 CLOSEUP OF ABOUT TWO FEET OF
SCROLL SHOWING HIEROGLYPHICS
AND GODS AND GODDESSES PORTRAYED

(NOTE: This should be photo-
graphed from the Book of the
Dead which studio now has.)

A-18 EXT. TEMPLE AS BEFORE

Muller and Whemple are con-
fronting each other in silence.
Whemple shrugs his shoulders
and turns as if to go back.
Muller earnestly puts hand on
his arm.

(CONTINUED)

A-19 (CONTINUED)

MULLER

Put it back, bury it where
you found it! You have
read the curse -- you dare
to defy it?

WHEMPLE

In the interest of science,
even if I believed in the
curse, I'd go on with my
job for the museum. Come
back, we'll examine this
great find together!

MULLER

I cannot condone an act of
sacrilege by my presence.
(turns, starts to
walk away)

WHEMPLE (calling after him)

You can't walk off this
way into the desert --

Muller turns back to
him.

MULLER

I know the trails to the
Mile. May the gods grant,
for your sake, that you
have not found the Scroll
of Thoth.

A-19 INT. HUT CLOSE SHOT
NORTON READING SCROLL

Norton's excitement grows
as he reads. We see he is
so interested that he has
forgotten his disobedience
or that the others may walk
in on him. His finger
traces the hieroglyphics on the
scroll. He picks up pencil
and makes notes on a piece of
paper beside him. This con-
tinues for some little time.
He is evidently transcribing
part of the scroll.

A-20 CAMERA SHIFTS FROM NORTON

Intent on his task, to the
mummy standing propped up
in its case in the corner;
then CAMERA PANS BACK to
Norton. He has finished his
transcription. His lips
move as he mumbles the ancient
spell to himself. Two little
blue flames dance on the ends
of the scroll which is to his
left. From these flames a
peculiar vapor rises, curling
into the still air. It is

(CONTINUED)

A-20 (CONTINUED)

important that this effect should be very slight and that the light should be dimmed only a little, because we don't want an effect so striking that Norton would notice it. He doesn't notice it.

A-21 CLOSEUP MURRY

CAMERA HOLDS THIS CLOSEUP for several feet while nothing happens. Then the eyelids begin to twitch, very slowly, then while the rest of the face remains frozen in its contorted attitude, we suddenly see a gleam of light in the right eye as the twitching eyelid opens a narrow crack.

Next - the edges of the mouth quiver and the CAMERA PANS DOWN, showing bandaged chest. We see the bandages over the breast move a little as though the figure were drawing breath - they split as though the chest had been inflated by an intake of breath.

A-22 CLOSE SHOT AT TABLE

Norton looking down at paper, mumbling the incantation. CAMERA PANS DOWN to scroll, which is partly opened, and sheet of paper on which Norton has made his transcription. On the ends of the scroll the little blue flames are still dancing. Norton now sees them and stares at them, amazed. A withered brown hand, and bandaged arm, broken ends of bandages, yellow with age and not white, showing the hand has burst through the wrappings, comes into camera.

On middle finger of the hand gleams an ancient scarab ring, hieroglyphics on the scarab. The fingers slide along the table in an attempt to grasp the scroll. They paw the scroll, but, the muscles not yet working properly, the hand cannot pick it up. CAMERA PULLS BACK and shows Norton's face in profile, gazing at the hand, in horror. CAMERA SHIFTS a little and shows full face of Norton as he looks

(CONTINUED)

A-22 (CONTINUED)

up. At what he sees
his face contorts with
horror and he gives a
wild scream.

A-23 CLOSE SHOT OF SCROLL ON TABLE

The hand is again attempting
to pick up the scroll. This
time it succeeds and the scroll
slides off the table in the
grip of the hand of the mummy.

A-24 EXT. HALF WAY BETWEEN TEMPLE
AND HUT.. MED. SHOT

Whemple alone, standing gazing
off towards the Nile, apparently
at the receding figure of Muller
which we don't see. He turns,
shakes his head and starts toward
the hut. CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM.

A-25 MEDIUM SHOT...INT. HUT

Peal after peal of maniacal
laughter from Norton comes over
sound track as we make this cut
and throughout the scene. CAMERA
first shows Norton sitting in chair,
laughing, and then turns and we
see trail of bandage from mummy
moving through the door, just a
flash of it. CAMERA TURNS BACK
and shows the mummy case empty
and the scroll gone. The empty
casket stands as before.

A-26 EXT. HUT...PROFESSOR WHEMPLE
WALKING TOWARDS DOOR

Norton's crazy laughter continues
but now faintly as from a distance,
and Whemple starts as he hears it,
then runs towards door as fast as
he can through the loose sand.

A-27 TWO SHOT ...INT. HUT...
WHEMPLE SHAKING NORTON
BY SHOULDER

WHEMPLE

What's the matter, man --
for God's sake, what is it?

NORTON (with louder laughter,
pointing at empty mummy
case)

He's gone out for a little
walk - ha - ha - ha ---
you should have seen his
face --

(CONTINUED)

A-27 (CONTINUED)

Throughout this whole scene Norton, now a maniac, continues his crazy laughter.

Whemple, as Norton points, turns face towards mummy case. CAMERA PANS SHOWING empty case, then PANS to TABLE showing alabaster casket, empty, with lid off.

A-28 CLOSE SHOT WHEMPLE

Having taken in the fact that the mummy in the case and the scroll are missing, he naturally assumes robbery and turns again to Norton, shakes his shoulder again, obviously trying to quiet him and question him.

A-29 CLOSEUP NORTON AS SEEN BY WHEMPLE

His face as he still laughs is so obviously that of a maniac's that as the CAMERA DRAWS BACK Whemple springs back horrified.

A-30 TWO SHOT..WHEMPLE AND NORTON

Norton sitting, Whemple standing across table, and Norton looking straight into his chief's face as with an extra loud peal of laughter he points with his finger to a spot on the table.

A-31 CLOSEUP WHEMPLE'S FACE AS HE LOOKS DOWN ON TABLE

He is staring in horror and his own reason seems shaken. CAMERA PANS DOWN on table beside Whemple's hand and we see the dusty imprint of another hand, but there is no dust on the polished wood table. The print is not a print in the dust but comes from the brown dust of ages on a hand that rested there. Whemple's hand, beside the dusty print, clenches. Norton's laughter continues as we

FADE OUT

"IM-HO-TEP"

SEQUENCE "B"

B-1 FADE IN:
ON WOODEN SIGN - DAY

bearing inscription in black
paint:

"British Museum Field
Expedition 1932".

B-2 MEDIUM SHOT...SMALL PLASTER
HUT...DAY

Inscription seen over door,
same general style of hut
as seen in Sequence "A" but
in a different spot in the
Nubian Desert. CAMERA SHOWS
pitted red cliffs rising on
both sides of the Valley of
the Queens, which is across
the Nile opposite Temple of
Karnak. Behind the hut, heaps
of rubbish, the detritus from
the cliffs.

Two nondescript Arabs, in bare
feet and long dirty robes, rags
tied around their heads, are
squatting outside door of hut
with bucket of water and trowels,
scrapping and cleaning some broken
pottery.

A young man in sun-helmet appears
in door of hut, takes off helmet,
mops face with handkerchief, as
CAMERA TRUCKS FORWARD TO MEDIUM
SHOT of man at door. This is
Frank Whemple, son of Sir Joseph
Whemple, a handsome English youth;
Whemple looks, a little surprised,
past the CAMERA which turns and
shows man on a donkey, followed
by Arab boy with stick, winding
up trail some hundred yards away.
CAMERA TRUCKS BACK as Whemple
turns and enters hut, CAMERA FOLLOW-
ING HIM.

B-3 MED SHOT...INT. HUT

Much the same set-up as the hut
of ten years before. Professor
Pearson, head of this year's
expedition, is working at a table
over some pottery. The room is
badly lit by sunlight creeping
through shutters, closed to keep
out the midday Egyptian heat.

Pearson looks up as
Whemple's voice comes
over.

FRANK

Here's something to break
the monotony -- there's
a visitor coming up the
trail from the Nile.

PEARSON

Color? Nationality?

CAMERA PULLS BACK as
Frank sits down, facing
Pearson in profile.

FRANK

How could I see in that
glare?

(Pearson impatiently
puts down piece of
pottery and turns
sharply)

PEARSON

Well, Whemple, - back we
go to London -- and what
fools we look! Money
wasted - hole after hole
dug in this blasted
desert -- a few beads, a
few broken pots -- A man
needs more than hard work
for this game -- he needs
flair -- he needs luck --
like your father.

FRANK

Oh, in the days when he
used to come out here,
there wasn't so much com-
petition.

PEARSON

When he did come he found
things -- and once, ten
years ago, he found too
much!

FRANK

Has it been ten years?
Queer story -- that young
Oxford chap he had with
him going mad --
(impressively)
Do you know what I think
it was?

PEARSON (interested)
No, what?

FRANK

He went crazy because he
was bored beyond human
endurance, messing about
in this sand and these
rocks.

CONTINUED

PEARSON

I wouldn't make a joke of that if I were you -- he was laughing when your father found him -- he died laughing -- in a straight jacket. Your father never explained -- but when the best excavator England has turned out -- a man in love with Egypt -- said he would never come back here -- that meant something.

Knock is heard, both men turn, CAMERA PANNING to door as Pearson's voice comes over.

PEARSON'S VOICE
Come in.

CAMERA PANS to door. Door opens and a strange figure enters, bending slightly to avoid knocking his red fez against top of door.

B-5 CLOSE SHOT OF IM-HO-TEP
STANDING IN DOOR

He folds his arms with dignity and stands still bending his piercing gaze on the two Englishmen. His face is tanned like leather -- it is the face of a mummy, but not unlike that of many Orientals who have lived in the tropical sun all their lives. He wears a red fez with a tassel and a rich silk robe such as worn by Egyptians of the highest class when at home. He has learned English well in the ten years since Sequence "A", but speaks with a curious foreign accent, slowly and with delicate precision. The uncanny force and power of the creature are at once evident. But again those qualities are less surprising in an Egyptian than in a Westerner and no occult suggestion is conveyed to the two Englishmen at this time.

B-6 CLOSE UP...IM-HO-TEP

IM-HO-TEP

You break your season's camp, Professor Pearson. Your colleagues have left for London?

CONTINUED

NN

B-6 CONTINUED

CAMERA PANS to where the other two are standing.

PEARSON

Yes, Whemple and I stayed behind to clear up. Sit down, won't you? Have a drink.

Im-ho-tep's voice comes over.

IM-HO-TEP

Not before sunset.

He comes into scene, sits down, the others sit.

Your expedition has not been a success.

PEARSON (laughs bitterly)
Scarcely.

(with gesture to miscellaneous articles)

Here are the season's finds.

IM-HO-TEP

Permit me to present you with the most sensational find since that of Tutankhamen.

Pearson and Frank exchange amused glances -- the attempt by natives to sell hunches of information is common in archeology.

FRANK

But this seems very sporting of you -- may I ask why --

IM-HO-TEP (interrupting)

We Egyptians are not permitted to dig up our ancient dead. Only foreign museums -- and yet, under your contract, the contents of an unopened Royal tomb must remain in the Cairo Museum. And so, my Egypt gains by your work.

PEARSON

So it's a tomb?

Im-ho-tep takes from pocket a broken piece of pottery, lays it on the table.

B-7 CLOSEUP PIECE OF POTTERY

Bearing hieroglyphic inscription.

CONTINUED

FRANK'S VOICE

What's this?

NN

B-7 CONTINUED

CAMERA PULLS BACK.

IM-HO-TEP (his long, skinny
finger pointing to
the inscription)
Part of the funerary equip-
ment of the Princess Anck-
es-en-Amon, daughter of
Amenophis the Magnificent.

PEARSON (taking fragment with
interest)
Yes -- it's her name.

IM-HO-TEP
I found this not one hun-
dred yards from where we
are.

FRANK
You mean - you think her
tomb is there?

IM-HO-TEP (rising)
I will show you where to dig.

B-8 MEDIUM SHOT

Pearson and Frank look-
ing at each other, in-
credulous but interested.
They get up.

PEARSON
I'm sure it's very good
of you, Mr -- er -- I
didn't catch your name.

IM-HO-TEP (turning to door)
Ardath Bey.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

B-9 LONG SHOT PILE OF
STONES AND RUBBISH..DAY

The red hills in the back-
ground, the hut 200 yards
away. Im-ho-tep standing
by rubbish heap pointing with
stick. Pearson and Frank in
sun-helmets with him. CAMERA
TRUCKS TO MED. SHOT.

PEARSON (to Frank)
Circumstantial evidence --
not very strong perhaps --
but if we put that gang of
diggers from Kerna on the
job we can tell in two days
if there is anything here.

IM-HO-TEP (turns to him)
In one day, Professor.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

B-10 LONG SHOT SAME SCENE..DAY

Thirty or forty Egyptian fellaheen are excavating in the traditional fashion, stripped to the waist, wearing only loincloths, singing one of their immemorial peasant songs, three or four men shoveling rubbish into baskets which are then passed by hand along long chain of workers, the last man dumping the basket, handing it to another man who passes it back by another chain of blacks so that the endless chain of filled and empty baskets is kept circulating. This is the method invariably used in this work.

A little to the left on large rock, Frank, in sun-helmet, is seated, smoking, and beside him stands Professor Pearson idly watching the work. Over the pit where the digging is going on, stands native overseer, staff in hand. The work suddenly stops as the diggers in the pit throw down their tools. The baskets in the endless chain are held by the other natives or put down on the ground. Many of the men, tired, throw themselves down, CAMERA MOVES quickly up to edge of pit. We see three or four feet of rubbish have been removed, two blacks are on their knees scraping. Overseer peers over the side and yells excitedly:

OVERSEER

Kaiyai Effendi!
(come here)

CAMERA SWINGS to white men. Frank jumps up, they hurry to the side of the pit as the overseer shouts at the men in the pit, shaking his stick, and they climb out. Pearson, followed by Frank, scrambles with more haste than dignity into pit and they go on their knees. CAMERA POINTING DOWN into pit moves to CLOSE SHOT of their hands as they clear away last remaining rubbish from a stone step, evidently the top step of a series of steps leading down. They get up.

PEARSON

It's a step --

FRANK (excitedly)

He was right! Anyhow,
we've struck something!

CONTINUED

NN

B-10 CONTINUED

CAMERA PULLS BACK as they scramble out. Pearson turns to overseer, striving to master his excitement.

PEARSON
Faster, Selim. Double backshish!

The overseer cries loudly in Arabic so that everyone can hear him.

OVERSEER
Aya-mani-backshish!
(double pay)

The cry is taken up with shouts of joy by all the native workers and the men who were digging climb back into pit and commence loading baskets harder than before. CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see the endless chain of baskets starting again. LAP DISSOLVE TO:

B-11 A FLIGHT OF STEPS

Fourteen of them, leading down, cut in the solid rock. At the bottom of the pit is a walled-up door. Frank is kneeling before it, Pearson sitting on the step beside him. CAMERA MOVES DOWN the steps to CLOSE SHOT door. Frank's finger shaking with excitement, pointing to clay seal on the door.

FRANK
The name of Anck-es-en-Amon!

PEARSON
We must cable your father in London -- he must be here when we examine this great find!

FRANK
(his fingers move to another seal on the door)
The seal of the Seven Jackals!

PEARSON
And it's unbroken -- no one has entered this door since the priests of the Royal Necropolis sealed it.

FRANK
(with awe)
Thirty-seven hundred years ago!

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

C-1 ON SIGN AFFIXED TO IRON
RAILINGS BESIDE OPEN GATE
AT ENTRANCE TO COURTYARD
OF CAIRO MUSEUM...EARLY
EVENING

It is in three languages;
English, French and Arabic.
CAMERA FOCUSES ON THE ENGLISH
INSCRIPTION, LIT BY LAMP ABOVE
RAILINGS:

"Cairo Museum of Egyptian Antiquities.

Hours for Visitors:

Mondays and Thursdays 9:00 AM - 8:00 PM
Sundays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays 9:00 AM - 5:00 PM
Fridays - closed."

DISSOLVE TO:

C-2 FULL SHOT TOWARDS FRONT OF
MUSEUM WHICH IS LIT UP WITHIN

There are various large statues
about the courtyard which show
as vague shapes lit by lamps
casting shadows. There are
lamps lit in the courtyard.

Beneath a sort of portico
flanking the main entrance on each
side, are large statues.

All these statues are ancient
Egyptian as this museum is
devoted entirely to exhibits
of ancient Egypt.

A flight of steps leads up
to the main entrance of the
Museum.

A few belated visitors are
seen leaving the open doors
of the Museum.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

C-3 INSCRIPTION ABOVE DOOR OF AN
EXHIBIT ROOM OF THE MUSEUM

"This gallery contains the
mummy and complete funerary
equipment of the Princess
Anck-es-en-Amon, 18th Dynasty,
Circa 1730 B. C. All objects
in this room are from her un-
plundered tomb, discovered by
the British Museum Field Force,
1932."

Flanking this inscription in
English the CAMERA SHOWS the
right hand part of a similar

(CONTINUED)

C-3 CONTINUED

inscription in French, to the left of the English inscription, and the left hand part a similar inscription in Arabic to the right of the English inscription.

(All inscriptions and notices in this museum are actually in three languages, Arabic, French, and English, and this should be indicated here as this method is used later in shots of descriptive tags on exhibits in this room.

C-4 LONG SHOT OF THE GALLERY OF THE PRINCESS

CAMERA looking down toward large glass case in center of room containing mummy, and beside it the lid of the mummy case. An Egyptian stands motionless between mummy case and camera. We see his back but not who it is.

Neither the CAMERA is a rose granite sarcophagus. There are also cases containing funerary equipment, jewelry, toilet appliances, a bed or couch in a separate case, etc.

Everything in this gallery as the inscription indicates is from the tomb which we saw discovered in Sequence "B".

CAMERA PANS DOWN room slowly toward the central exhibit, which is the mummy, it turns from side, it passes the jewels of the mummy, in a small glass case, her toilet articles in another glass case, but draws no particular attention to these in this shot.

There is a large open fireplace set into wall of room.

Before coming to the mummy itself, the CAMERA PAUSES to show the rose granite sarcophagus, lid moulded in the form of a beautiful woman wearing the royal Uraeus, (or snake) coiled about her hair, a beautiful example of sculpture. CAMERA TRUCKS to case containing mummy, to side view of the man standing there. It is Im-ho-tep, gazing down fixedly.

gazing down, strong emotion working his features.

CAMERA PANS DOWN showing as through his eyes the gold lid of the inner coffin, the head sculptured in the form of the dead girl, the body of the case covered with inscriptions, gods and goddesses. Alongside case is the mummy itself, wrapped in finest linen, the head wrapped in gauze so thin it shows the contours of the face.

CAMERA ZOOMS FROM CLOSE SHOT MUMMY'S HEAD AND SHOULDERS to moving shot as from sky showing roof of Museum, and moves across night view of Cairo as we hear modern jazz music to the EXTERIOR OF THE SEMIRAMIS HOTEL on the Nile, and then to hotel roof garden and a MOVING MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT OF HELEN GROSVENOR, a beautiful black-haired girl, with dark eyes, in evening dress. She has an Egyptian cast to her face; the well-known bust of Nefertiti in the Berlin Museum would indicate the ideal type, (this Nefertiti in real life was probably the mother of the real Anck-es-en-Amon) CAMERA DRAWS BACK showing Professor Muller in evening dress, leading Helen to parapet of roof; dance music continues.

We see the roof garden on the top of the Semiramis Hotel. A jazz band is playing, palms and lotus plants; a few couples are dancing; the scene might be the roof garden in a European city or New York, except that the waiters are all Nubians wearing long white robes and red fezzes. The women are all European in evening dress; most of the men are in evening dress but a few of them are British officers in uniform. We get only a general impression of the scene as Muller and Helen walk to the edge of the roof.

MULLER

Is there a view like this in the world, Helen?

CAMERA PANS and we see the dark Nile flowing beneath the hotel and across the narrow alluvial plain of the river the pyramids of Cheops, Chephren and Mycerinus standing out on a rocky-plateau a

CONTINUED

NN

C-5 CONTINUED

few miles away, silhouetted
against a full moon behind
them which throws its light
across the limitless dunes of
sand.

C-6 TWO SHOT MULLER AND HELEN
LOOKING OUT

HELEN (murmurs)
The real Egypt -- are we
really in this dreadful
Arab city - this modern
Cairo?

MULLER
Your thoughts are far away
from the dance and these
nice English boys, my dear.

HELEN (turns to him with a
charming smile)
Not really -- I'm having
a lovely time --
(she presses his hand
warmly)
I'm so grateful.

MULLER
But why?

HELEN
For your keeping me here
with you, of course, so
I don't have to go up to
father in that beastly
hot Sudan.

MULLER
It's I who am grateful --
my most interesting
patient.

CAMERA PANS TO LONG
SHOT as dance music
stops, the dancers ap-
plaud and the band starts
another tune.

CAMERA PANS TO MEDIUM
CLOSE SHOT of two men
guests at parapet as they
are looking towards Muller
and Helen.

FIRST MAN
Know who it is?

SECOND MAN
Muller of Vienna - always
spends his winters here -
authority on Egyptian
occult cock and bull.

FIRST MAN
Yes, but the girl --

CONTINUED

C-6 CONTINUED

SECOND MAN

Helen Grosvenor. Her father is governor of the Sudan -- English, of course, -- her mother Egyptian -- some old family with a tree a mile long. She's staying here with Dr. and Mrs. Muller.

FIRST MAN

What is she -- friend -- patient?

CAMERA PANS TO LONG SHOT showing Helen still standing with Muller.
CUT TO:

C-7 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT...
GALLERY OF PRINCESS

Beside the case containing the mummy is seen the back of Im-ho-tep, in robe as before. He is gazing down at the face of the mummy.

C-8 CLOSEUP...IM-HO-TEP'S FACE

gazing intently, piercing black eyes, his lips twitch he seems deeply moved.

VOICE OF SIR JOSEPH WHEMPLE
(heard from behind him, casual, with a note of authority)

The closing bell has rung, sir,

Im-ho-tep starts, turns head slowly.

C-9 TWO SHOT...PROFESSOR
WHEMPLE AND IM-HO-TEP

Whemple is ten years older than when we saw him in Sequence "A", his hair is snow-white instead of black.

IM-HO-TEP (in curious, deep voice)

I did not notice the time. Am I addressing Sir Joseph Whemple?

(Whemple nods)

I am Ardath Bey.

WHEMPLE (surprised - cordially)
Indeed!

(puts out his hand, but Im-ho-tep does not take it, bows courteously instead)

- CONTINUED

C-9 CONTINUED

WHEMPLE (cont'd)

Then we have you to thank that they have this exhibit at all -- they should keep the Museum open all night in your honor. Won't you come down to my office? I'm working here late.

He starts to lay his hand on Im-ho-tep's arm. Im-ho-tep with a slight shudder, steps away, then says with a smile.

IM-HO-TEP

Your pardon - I dislike to be touched - an Eastern prejudice.

C-10 MED SHOT...SAME ROOM

An Arab attendant hovering about rather pointedly waiting to put out the lights. DISSOLVE TO:

C-11 OFFICE, SHOOTING FROM INSIDE THRU OPEN DOOR...MED SHOT

Frank is sitting in Professor's chair. He hears voices in corridor, rises, goes to door as Whemple and Im-ho-tep appear.

WHEMPLE

You have met my son.

FRANK (surprised)

Ardath Bey! Where did you disappear to when we opened the tomb?

IM-HO-TEP

I returned to Cairo. And now --

(bows to Professor)

I must not detain you.

WHEMPLE

But, I must see you again -- won't you come to my house---

IM-HO-TEP

I regret that I am too occupied to accept invitations.

Im-ho-tep bows, turns and exits along corridor.

FRANK

Strange bird, isn't he?

CONTINUED

C-11 CONTINUED

WHEMPLE

You might at least have thanked the man -- he was responsible for finding the Princess --

FRANK

Wish he hadn't been. It's a dirty trick, this Cairo Museum keeping everything we found.

WHEMPLE

That was the contract. The British Museum works for the cause of science, not for loot.

(he turns to desk)
I've quite a few things to clear up -- do you want to wait for me?

FRANK

Whemple sits at desk as Frank turns to private door at end of office leading out into side courtyard.
CUT TO:

Yes, I've nothing on -- I'll bring the car around to the door and wait there.

C-12 SEMIRAMIS HOTEL ROOF...MED SHOT

Muller and Helen are still standing at the parapet, gazing out across the Nile over the desert as a young English officer in his blue evening dress uniform walks up to her.

YOUNG MAN

Miss Grosvenor, you promised me a dance.

HELEN

Yes, why not?

She whirls off in his arms.

C-13 LONG SHOT...THE ROOF

Several dancers, including Helen and the young man. Muller stands where she left him, at parapet, watching her. Dance music continues.

C-14 EXT MUSEUM...LONG SHOT

Two guards are closing the bronze portals and locking up for the night. We see Frank in his car waiting in the courtyard near the foot of the steps.

C-15 INT. ROOM OF THE PRINCESS
IN THE MUSEUM...LONG SHOT

It is entirely dark except for two little blue flames dancing like wills o' the wisp in the middle distance. THE CAMERA CREEPS up on them. Now we see a dark figure crouched on the floor at the foot of the glass case containing the mummy of the Princess.

C-16 CLOSE SHOT...IM-HO-TEP'S
BACK AND OPEN SCROLL ON THE
FLOOR AT THE FOOT OF THE CASE
CONTAINING THE MUMMY

He is kneeling. Scroll seems to be held open by the two little lights dancing at each end. Vaguely we see figure of gods and hieroglyphics on the scroll, the same scroll that the dead Norton opened in the hut in Egypt - It is the Scroll of Thoth.

C-17 MED SHOT...DANCERS ON ROOF

Helen still dancing with the young man.

C-18 CLOSEUP...HELEN'S FACE OVER
THE YOUNG MAN'S SHOULDER

She is smiling, enjoying dance like any normal girl. Suddenly a change comes over her face. Her eyes become rigid. She looks as though she were looking at something thousands of miles or thousands of years away.

C-19 TWO SHOT...HELEN AND YOUNG MAN

The dance music continues but her limbs stop. The young man, surprised, releases her.

YOUNG MAN
Is anything the matter?

She doesn't answer him or look at him. She turns and walks rapidly away from him across roof toward door into cloakroom.

C-20 MED SHOT...BALLROOM

Helen walking through dancers they look at her curiously and one or two couples stop and stare after her. She disappears through door.

C-21 MED SHOT..CLOAK ROOM

Helen comes up to counter where attendant stands, and holds out her hand with imperative gesture.

C-22 CLOSE SHOT...NUBIAN ATTENDANT.. IN WHITE ROBE AND FEZ

Looking at her in surprise, then he turns, takes down evening cloak and hands it to her.

C-23 EXTERIOR SEMIRAMIS HOTEL IN STREET FACING NILE

The Shari'a el Hani, looking across street and border of palm trees to the Nile.

CAMERA PANS as Helen, wearing cloak, comes out of front door, looks about her, Levantine doorman approaches solicitously, waves arms for taxi.

CAMERA PANS showing taxi starting for door from rank.

C-24 CLOSE SHOT HELEN ENTERING TAXI AT CURB

DOORMAN
Where you want to go, Mees?

C-25 CLOSEUP HELEN'S FACE

She looks blank for a moment, then says in a far away voice.

HELEN
Le Musee des Antiquites...

CUT TO:

C-26 ROOM OF THE PRINCESS

Blue flames, scroll, kneeling figure of Im-ho-tep as before.

IM-HO-TEP (muttering)
Onnos Unnos -- Userkere
Athuthi -- Anck-es-en-Amou.

C-27 CLOSE SHOT...HELEN IN TAXI

Her lips move. We hear her mutter in low but tender tones:

HELEN
Im-ho-tep - Nebkeure Akhtoi -
Im-ho-tep -

CUT TO:

NN

C- 28 EXT. SIDE WING MUSEUM
PRIVATE DOOR LEADING INTO
CURATOR'S OFFICE..LONG SHOT

We see Professor Whemple come out, lock door with bunch of keys, CAMERA PANS HIM AROUND corner as Taxi drives rapidly into courtyard and to front of museum. Helen gets out hurriedly and climbs steps, not paying taxi. We see Frank, lounging in car in front of main entrance sit up and take notice as he sees beautiful girl in evening cloak walking up steps towards locked door.

C-29 MED SHOT...TOP OF STEPS

Helen, as in trance, fumbling with bronze door handle and running her hands up and down the doors as though trying to break through.

C-30 FULL SHOT...FRONT OF MUSEUM

Frank climbs out of car and starts up steps as Professor Whemple walks up to car, stands watching.
CUT TO:

C-31 ROOM OF THE PRINCESS

Blue flames, scroll, kneeling figure of Im-ho-tep as before.

IM-HO-TEP (muttering)
Im-ho-tep -- Anck-es-en-
Amon!

CUT TO:

C-32 TWO SHOT..TOP OF STEPS..
HELEN AND FRANK

HELEN
I must get in! I must --
I must!

FRANK
But it's closed -- every-
body's gone home -- open
tomorrow -- 9 A.M.

Helen turns from him and beats her fists desperately on the door. Frank, thinking he has to deal with a mental case, takes her arm gently. She turns, he gets a good look at her face for the first time.

CONTINUED

NN

C-32 CONTINUED

Struck by her beauty and distress, he steps back. She gives a little cry and collapses in a faint in front of the locked door. Frank picks her up. CAMERA TRUCKS BEFORE Frank as he carries her down the steps where his father is standing by car.

C-33 CLOSE SHOT WHEMPLE'S CAR
AS ARMENIAN TAXI DRIVER
WALKS UP

He is obviously not interested in the plight of his fare and in surly tones demands his money.

TAXI DRIVER
Khamseh piasters.

CAMERA TRUCKS BACK as Sir Joseph hands taxi driver some silver and Frank carries girl to car. Taxi driver, having no further concern in their business, returns to his cab as Sir Joseph opens door of his car and they start to put Helen in back seat.

C-34 INT. CAR...MOVING SHOT
FRANK DRIVING RAPIDLY DOWN
CAIRO STREET

Girl unconscious on back seat.

FRANK (arguing with his father)
But we can't take a girl like that to the hospital-- some native doctor might get hold of her.

CUT TO:

C-35 INT. MUSEUM...ANOTHER
EGYPTIAN ROOM OPENING INTO
THE ROOM OF THE PRINCESS...DARK

An Arab guard flashes his light. We see him by the flash. He has stopped. He is looking, his head tilted upwards.

NN

C-36 LONG SHOT OF THE CEILING
OF THE ROOM OF THE PRINCESS
AS SEEN BY THE GUARD FROM
THE OTHER ROOM

Vague reflection of the two
blue flames dancing on the
ceiling.
CUT TO:

C-37 MEDIUM SHOT

As guard enters room of the
Princess, CAMERA FOLLOWS him
in. He moves forward cautious-
ly as the blue lights go out,
starts flashing his flashlight
about the room.

C-38 LONG SHOT OF THE ROOM
OF THE PRINCESS

Following the flashing of
the light as it rests on
various objects. CAMERA PANS
DOWN with the light showing
Im-ho-tep at the base of the
Princess' case. He is crouch-
ing, startled, his hands roll-
ing up the scroll.

C-39 INT. ROOM OF THE PRINCESS...
CLOSE SHOT

Guard snaps on lights at
switch.

C-40 INT. ROOM OF THE PRINCESS..
CLOSE SHOT...IM-HO-TEP

Leaping up as the lights
flash on. Guard sees him
and shouts:

GUARD

Safid! Yisa 'id!
(Safid, come here)

He closes on Im-ho-tep, who
turns to escape, leaps to
another light switch and
turns lights off.

GUARD'S VOICE (shouting in
darkness)

(Arabic exclamations mean-
ing "Stop thief! Help,
Selim! I've got him!")

But his voice dies out in
a gurgle. Flash lamp of
other guard seen and this
reveals Im-ho-tep on floor
behind body of first guard
tearing at scroll which is
in the dead man's hand.
Second guard with a shout,

CONTINUED

C-40 CONTINUED

presses red button, alarm bells are heard ringing through the Museum. Guard pulls gun as he switches on lights.

C-41 CLOSE SHOT...IM-HO-TEP

As he sees gun he rises and, catlike, slinks around corner of sarcophagus.

C-42 MED. SHOT...DRAWING ROOM IN HOUSE OF PROFESSOR WHEMPLE

This room of the type occupied by the Europeans in Cairo contains a mixture of Arabic and Western furniture. Helen is lying still comatose on couch, the Professor kneeling beside her, Frank standing looking down at her, worried.

WHEMPLE (rising)
Heart and respiration all right -- it's nothing more than a faint --

FRANK (turning)
I'll phone for Dr. Briggs --
(moves out of scene as Whemple turns back to girl)

C-43 CLOSE SHOT...HELEN ON COUCH

She stirs, moves her head, but her eyes are still closed. Whemple's voice comes through on sound track.

WHEMPLE'S VOICE
She's coming to.

C-44 CLOSEUP...HELEN'S FACE

Her eyes open in unseeing stare, she murmurs:

HELEN
Im-ho-tep -- Im-ho-tep --
Snofru Nebmaet --
Im-ho-tep --

FRANK'S VOICE
What's she saying?

CAMERA PULLS BACK showing Whemple and Frank staring down at her.

CONTINUED

NN

C-45 CLOSEUP...WHEMPLE'S FACE

Displaying mixture of utmost
astonishment and something
approaching terror as he
gazes down.

WHEMPLE (excitedly bending
down over girl)
Udi Hosapti Im-ho-tep?

Inflection shows he is
asking "What do you know
about Im-ho-tep?"

C-46 CLOSEUP...HELEN'S FACE

She gazes at Whemple un-
seeing and closes her eyes.

FRANK'S VOICE (much concerned)
What language is that?

C-47 TWO SHOT...WHEMPLE
AND FRANK

WHEMPLE (greatly shaken)
The language of ancient
Egypt, not heard on this
earth for two thousand
years -- and the name of
a man unspoken since be-
fore the siege of Troy!

FADE OUT

"IM-HO-TEP"

SEQUENCE "D"

FADE IN:
D-1 EXTERIOR WHEMPLE HOUSE..
NIGHT

It is in the European quarter of Cairo and the house and its neighbors are not unlike those in a suburban quarter of Paris.
Taxi drives up to door, Muller, in evening dress gets out, climbs steps, rings bell. Door is opened by a gigantic Nubian, wearing native costume, a brown robe and a red fez.

D-2 TWO SHOT..MULLER AND
NUBIAN AT DOOR

Hall light on.

MULLER
Is your master at home?

NUBIAN
Yes, Effendi.

MULLER
Tell him Doctor Muller wishes to see him --- urgently.

Nubian steps back as Muller goes in.
DISSOLVE TO:

D-3 HALLWAY OUTSIDE DRAWING
ROOM..MEDIUM SHOT..
MULLER AND WHEMPLE

The Nubian is seen starting to go down the stairs.

WHEMPLE (astonished)
But-- how did you guess she was here?

MULLER
The Commissionaire at the hotel said she took a taxi to the Museum -- I knew it was closed -- I came to you on the off chance....

Muller turns to door, puts hand on knob, stops.

WHEMPLE
Before you take her away, I must talk to you about something she said just now.

CUT TO:

D-4 INTERIOR DRAWING ROOM..
 MEDIUM SHOT

Helen on couch, Frank
 looking down at her.

HELEN (still weak and a little
 groggy)
 But -- Who are you? And
 how did I get here?

FRANK
 We brought you here -- my
 father and I -- you fainted
 in the street.

CAMERA PANS TO DOOR
 which opens. Muller
 comes in, followed by
 Whemple.

HELEN (delighted)
 Dr. Muller!

MULLER (trying to put her at
 her ease and pass the
 situation off as though
 it were normal)
 So here you are, my dear --
 I suppose you've introduced
 yourself?
 (Helen shakes her head)
 Miss Helen Grosvenor -- my
 old friend Sir Joseph Whemple
 -- Frank Whemple --

HELEN (laughs)
 This seems so formal -- under
 these peculiar circumstances.

MULLER
 And now, if you are all right
 again -- back we go to the
 hotel.

Whemple gives a slight
 tug at Muller's arm as
 he remarks:

WHEMPLE
 I think she ought to rest a
 few minutes -- Frank, make
 yourself agreeable!

Muller and Whemple turn
 and walk out of scene.
 Frank pulls up stool and
 sits down by couch.

HELEN
 Where did I faint, Mr. Whemple?

FRANK
 Outside the Museum.

HELEN
 But what was I doing there?

Frank looks at her
 surprised, then laughing..

FRANK
 I wouldn't know that, would I?

(CONTINUED)

D-4 (CONTINUED)

HELEN

No, I suppose you wouldn't.
 I wish I did.
 (she stops Frank as he is
 about to ask a question)
 But don't let's talk about it.

FRANK

Right. You're partly Egypt-
 ian, aren't you?

HELEN

How did you guess that?

FRANK

(vaguely)
 I don't know -- something
 about you...

CUT TO:

D-5 THE PROFESSOR'S STUDY..
NIGHT..SHOOTING TOWARD
DOOR

A small room, the room
 of a scholar, books every-
 where, some Egyptian cur-
 ios but nbt too many, just
 enough to get a note of
 Egyptology, this is a work-
 room. Whemple and Muller,
 both very grave, enter,
 Whemple seats himself be-
 fore his desk. Muller sits
 beside desk, leans forward,
 his arms stretched on desk.

MULLER

You told the truth, but not
 all the truth, when your report
 quoted the inscription on the
 inner lid of the missing mummy
 case.

WHEMPLE

I gave it textually. It said
 Im-ho-tep's crime was that
 he tried to raise the Princess
 Ank-es-en-Amon from the dead by
 using spells from the Scroll
 of Thoth.

MULLER

But you haven't announced that
 this mummy in the Museum is
 that of the same Princess!

WHEMPLE

Why should I? The find of her
 tomb years later was coincidence.

MULLER (ironically)

No doubt. How did your people
 happen to find that particular
 tomb?

(CONTINUED)

FR

D-5 (CONTINUED)

WHEMPLE

A tip from an Egyptian named Ardath. I met him in the Museum tonight.

CUT TO:

D-6 DRAWING ROOM .. TWO SHOT

Helen on couch, Frank on stool beside her.

FRANK

I'd have liked Egypt better if I'd met you there -- no such luck -- stuck in the desert for two months -- and was it hot! That tomb!

HELEN

What tomb?

FRANK

Surely you read about the Princess?

HELEN

(shocked)
So you did that.

FRANK

(nods)
The fourteen steps down and the unbroken seals were thrilling -- but after we'd handled all her clothes and her jewels and her toilet things -- you know they buried everything with them that they used in life -- well when we came to unwrap the girl herself --

HELEN

How could you do that?

FRANK

Had to. Science, you know. After all that work among her things, I felt as though I'd known her -- and when we got the wrappings off and I saw her face -- you'll think me silly, but I sort of fell in love with her.

HELEN

Do you have to open graves to find girls to fall in love with?

FRANK

(looking up at her, breaks out excitedly)
I saw, now I know what it is about you!

fr

D-7 CLOSEUP..FRANK

As he looks up at Helen
wonderingly.

FRANK

There was something about
her head --

CUT TO

D-8 WHEMPLE'S STUDY .. TWO
SHOT .. WHEMPLE AND MULLER
AT DESK

WHEMPLE

This is why I ask you about
your patient. I never men-
tioned the name -- and yet
I heard Miss Grosvenor
mutter in ancient Egyptian
something about -- IZ-no-tep!

MULLER (rises -- astonished and
concerned)

What did she say?

(Whemple shakes head)

(Muller continues)

What was this Ardath doing
in the Museum?

WHEMPLE

Looking at the mummy, just at
closing time.

(phone rings on Desk)

(Whemple answers it)

Il est mort ? Toute de
suite, Effendi.

(to Muller)

A museum guard -- found dead
in the room of the Princess.
(he turns to go)

MULLER (with grim irony)

The assailant, of course,
escaped. May I come with
you?

FADE OUT

"IM-HO-TEP"SEQUENCE "E"

FADE IN:
E-1 MUSEUM.. ROOM OF THE PRINCESS
MED CLOSE SHOT DEAD GUARD

lying on floor, Egyptian police surgeon in fez and uniform, which resembles British police uniform, kneeling by body. CAMERA PULLS BACK showing two policemen, police inspector, Muller and Whemple standing by. The Egyptians all wear fezzes.

SURGEON (rising, shaking his head, puzzled)
Rien, rien.

MULLER (to Whemple, sardonically)
So he died of -- shock!

The Inspector also wears police uniform with several medals and talks broken English. He turns behind stone sarcophagus, picks up the scroll of the Book of Thoth from chair, opens it carelessly, glancing at it as he brings it to Whemple and Muller.

INSPECTOR
We find this in dead guard's hand, Sir Joseph-- probably the thief steal it, the guard he get it away and the thief keel him.

Police Surgeon standing by shakes his head.

POLICE SURGEON (shakes head)
The cause of death -- I not find nothing.

WHEMPLE (to Muller)
Looks like an attempted theft -- but nothing stolen here could be disposed of.

MULLER
What is the document?

Whemple takes scroll from Inspector and opens it, CAMERA SHOOTING OVER HIS SHOULDER revealing portraits of gods and spells in Scroll of Thoth.

E-2 CLOSEUP WHEMPLE

Horror and astonishment in his face as he looks at scroll.

E-3 INT WHEMPLE DRAWING ROOM
MED SHOT HELEN & FRANK

Helen on couch, Frank on chair as before. They are more friendly, more at their ease with each other. The acquaintance seems to have made great strides.

FRANK
And now it's your turn.
Tell me about yourself!

HELEN
There really isn't anything to tell.

FRANK
Why does Muller call you his 'patient'? I never saw a girl who looked fitter than you do.

HELEN
I'm sound as a bell.

FRANK
If you don't want to tell me --

HELEN
Why did I faint in front of that Museum? I'd never been there.
(A note of distaste and fear in her voice)
It's full of mummies, isn't it? And why did I go there at all?

FRANK
I can't imagine.

HELEN
Well, if you can imagine, then you'll know what's the matter with me.

FRANK
It's all so mysterious -- just as you are mysterious.

HELEN
But I'm not, a bit, What you mean is, it sounds silly. It got hold of me again tonight -- was worse -- as though something were pulling me.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

E-4 A SURFACE OF WATER SHOWING
LITTLE RIPPLES? CAMERA
LOOKING DOWN INTO WATER

The image gradually becomes clearer and we see in the water the reflection of Im-ho-tep and a large white cat gazing into the pool.

CAMERA PANS UP showing Im-ho-tep, in white linen robe similar to that worn in ancient Egypt, squatting on cushion beside pool, gazing into pool. We now see that the pool, beside which the live cat is sitting, is a fountain such as frequently plays in the living rooms of modern Egyptians. Jet of water is turned off.

CAMERA PULLS BACK FURTHER, showing the room which is typical of a house of a rich Arab or Egyptian, but all the modern Arabic furniture has been taken out. There are no chairs.. There are cushions about on the floor and beside pool.

On both sides of a statue of the cat-headed goddess Bast, are ancient Egyptian lamps, wicks burning in oil, which give out only light in room. Near pool is incense burner from which fumes arise. Doorways and windows are hung with curtains. Other small statues of Egyptian gods and goddesses seen dimly in b.g..

CAMERA PANS TG:

E-5 CLOSE SHOT IM-HO-TEP

gazing into pool spreading out his hands across the water, joining them and spreading them out again as he mutters:

IM-HO-TEP

Nebtuire Mentchopte!

He straightens up, sitting cross-legged, gazing fixedly into pool, folding his arms across his breast; the cat remains immovable.

E-6 CLOSE SHOT SURFACE OF POOL

As though looking down over Im-ho-tep's shoulder, reflection of cat and Im-ho-tep's face visible as he still mutters Egyptian invocation. Surface of water gradually clouds, then it clears slowly as though

(CONTINUED)

small mist were rising from it, and we see in the water a taxicab, top down., moving. Muller and Whemple seated in it, Whemple holding the scroll wrapped in cloth. The taxi pulls up at the curb, Whemple and Muller get out, Whemple pays taxi, then they move up the steps of Whemple's house. CAMERA PANS UP from pool to Imhotep's face gazing down into it.
LAP DISSOLVE TO:

E-7 WHEMPLE DRAWING ROOM
CLOSE SHOT HELEN ON COUCH

CAMERA PULLS BACK, Frank is standing beside her, holding cushion.

FRANK (solicitously)
I know you're not comfortable -- let me put this behind you --

He arranges cushion behind her and in doing so gets his arm wrapped around her shoulders, then he drops to one knee.

E-8 TWO SHOT.. FRANK & HELEN

FRANK
Do you really want to know why I didn't take you to a hospital? It was because, when I held you in my arms there on the pavement --

Helen gives a little laugh and a slight protesting shrug of her shoulder
Frank removes his arm and sits back on his stool.

HELEN
Don't you think I've had enough excitement for one night, without the additional thrill of a strange man making love to me?

FRANK
I know it's absurd -- when we've known each other such a short time, but it's serious -- I've never been serious about this sort of thing before.

(CONTINUED)

E-8 CONTINUED

HELEN

Hadn't you better not commit yourself until you see me in street clothes and cold sunlight? That girl could fail to make a conquest who collapsed, in a Lanvan frock, at a man's feet in the moonlight?

FRANK

Look here, you can tell me to go to the devil but I won't put up with you laughing at me.

Frank kneels beside the couch, takes her in his arms and kisses her as she tries to push him off. Noise of door opening comes through on sound track and Frank starts to scramble to his feet as CAMERA PANS to door leading to hall. Whemple, holding scroll wrapped in cloth, is gazing at them. He has seen the embrace. He looks wild-eyed and distraught, turns to Muller as Muller follows him in and points with shaking arm to Helen and Frank.

WHEMPLE

That, too -- that, too -- the sins of the father -- the curse has struck her -- it will strike my son now--

Muller, who is calm and collected, takes him by the arm, shakes him.

MULLER

Be quiet, man!
(To Frank)

Mr. Whemple, will you come to your father's study?
Helen, I'll take you home in a few minutes.

Whemple, greatly shaken, starts down room towards study door. Frank looks amazed from his father to Helen, then Muller, who makes gesture urging him to follow his father. CAMERA PANS the two men after Whemple. As they approach study CAMERA TURNS TO MED SHOT OF HELEN, who gazes after them.
DISSOLVE TO:

NN

E-9

INT. WHEMPLE'S STUDY
MEDIUM SHOT

The scroll, now unwrapped,
is on the table. Whemple
is seated at his desk, Muller
seated beside him, Frank stand-
ing looking incredulously
from Muller to his father.

MULLER (to Whemple)
Im-ho-tep was alive when
that mummy in the Museum
was a vestal virgin in the
Temple!

FRANK
Thirty-seven hundred years
ago -- what's it all got
to do with us now?

MULLER (to Whemple)
Your assistant who went
insane and died -- as you
might have done had you
seen what he saw -- made a
transcription from part
of that scroll --

WHEMPLE
I have it still.

FRANK (pointing to scroll)
You seem to think this
thing has all the devils
of hell in it -- why not
burn it and be done with
it?

MULLER (quietly)
An excellent suggestion,
young man.
(to Whemple, who
gazes at him with
something like horror
as he speaks)
What became of the mummy
of Im-ho-tep?
(pause -- no answer
from Whemple)

FRANK
Why, somebody stole it!
Look here, Doctor Muller,
what's the matter with
Miss Grosvenor?

Neither Muller nor
Whemple pay any atten-
tion to him.

MULLER (to Whemple)
You still think the mummy
was stolen, Sir Joseph?

WHEMPLE
Yes, I - I don't know --
the print of that dusty
hand --

NN

E-10 MEDIUM SHOT FRONT HALL,
DARK EXCEPT FOR PAINT
LIGHT FROM SOMEWHERE IN
REAR OF HALL

Front door bell rings
somewhere in the back,
Nubian snaps on light,
opens front door.

E-11 MED CLOSE SHOT IM-HO-TEP

standing in doorway with
arms folded. This shot is
held for some feet while
Im-ho-tep bends hypnotic eye
on Nubian.

E-12 CLOSE SHOT REVERSE ANGLE

Nubian's face changes from
amazement to terror and he
slowly takes several steps
backwards as though in mortal
fear.

E-13 TWO SHOT - NUBIAN AND IM-HO-TEP
FROM SIDE ANGLE

Im-ho-tep takes slow steps
following Nubian like snake
after bird and speaks to him,
pointing threatening skinny
finger:

IM-HO-TEP
Thoser Retho Neterkhet!

Nubian slowly sinks to
knees before Im-ho-tep and
beats head three times on
floor.

E-14 WHEMPLE'S STUDY...MED SHOT

The three men as before,
Muller and Frank are stand-
ing arguing. CAMERA SHOTS
between them to Whemple's
haggard face at desk.

MULLER

That scroll vanished with
the mummy -- how did it get
in the hands of the
murdered guard tonight?

FRANK

Perhaps that fellow Ardath
had it --

MULLER (interrupting)

The man who told you where
to find the tomb of the
Princess! I should like
to meet Ardath Bey.

FRANK

So would the police, I
fancy, after what happened
tonight!

CUT TO:

E-15 DRAWING ROOM...MEDIUM SHOT
SHOOTING TOWARDS DOOR INTO
HALLWAY

The door opens from without,
as though held open by a
servant, and Im-ho-tep enters.

E-16 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT..IM-HO-TEP
LOOKING ABOUT HIM

He sees open door of Whemple's
study at end of room, probably
hears voices, and starts to
walk towards it with slow dig-
nity. Suddenly, he sees Helen
on couch and turns and stops.
CAMERA PANS to MEDIUM CLOSE
SHOT HELEN: Worn out by her
experience, she has dropped
off into a doze, and is lying
on the pillows, her eyes closed.

E-17 CLOSE SHOT IM-HO-TEP
GAZING AT HER

His gaze at first was mere sur-
prise and curiosity, but now
something else comes into his
face, a dawning wonder, and
intensity as he fixes his eyes
on the girl. We hold this
for some feet.

E-18 CLOSE SHOT HELEN

She stirs a little, then
raises her head, opens her
eyes, keeping them fixed
on Im-ho-tep as she sits up.

E-19 TWO SHOT FROM SIDE ANGLE,
IM-HO-TEP AND HELEN LOOKING
AT EACH OTHER

A strained silence. In Helen's
gaze attraction seems to pre-
dominate over other emotions.
At length Im-ho-tep speaks,
with a low bow.

IM-HO-TEP

A thousand pardons -- I
called to see Sir Joseph
-- I am Ardath Bey.

HELEN

(never taking her
eyes from him)

They're in the study.

She rises, as if to
go to the study.

IM-HO-TEP

Ah, a conference --
(pronounces this
as though it were
the French word)
May I perhaps wait?

(CONTINUED)

She extends her hand, palm down, fingers dropping down, expecting him to kiss it in the modern Egyptian manner, but he merely bows again.

HELEN

Of course. My name's Helen Grosvenor.

IM-HO-TEP (through this scene he is mastering his emotions)
Have we not met before, Miss Grosvenor?

HELEN

No -- I don't think so -- I don't think one would forget meeting you, Ardath Bey.

IM-HO-TEP

Then, I am mistaken. But you are of our blood, Miss Grosvenor -- as to that I am not mistaken.

HELEN

Yes - my mother was Egyptian.

Through this short scene they are looking at each other intently, the tension between them contrasting sharply with the commonplace words.
CUT TO:

E-20 WHEMPLE'S STUDY..MEDIUM SHOT
THE THREE MEN AS BEFORE

Frank is standing by half open door leading into drawing room. He shrugs his shoulders impatiently as Muller, now seated beside Whemple, says earnestly:

MULLER

You must burn the Scroll of Thoth!

WHEMPLE

(in a broken voice. He seems to have lost his mental grip)
It is the Museum's property, not mine -- everything we dug up was to belong to the Cairo Museum, you know.

CAMERA PANS TO Frank who turns quickly to door, saying:

FRANK

Who's out there with Miss Grosvenor?

They both look at him as he steps out of door.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERA REMAINS FOCUSED
on door as he steps back,
amazement on his face.

FRANK
Ardath Bey!

CAMERA PANS TO WHEMPLE
AND MULLER, both amazed,
Whemple rises, showing
fear. Muller extends his
hand; he here takes com-
mand of the situation.

MULLER
He has come here for
the scroll!

Whemple turns to small
safe set in wall beside
his desk, it is not locked
and he pulls it open and
puts the scroll inside.

MULLER (to Whemple)
Give me the transcrip-
tion poor Norton made of
that spell -- and the
photograph.

Whemple, trembling and
shaken, brings out of
safe photograph and piece
of paper, closes safe and
turns knob locking it,
hands photograph and sheet
of paper to Muller.

FRANK
Come on!

MULLER (to Frank sternly)
Leave this to me!

Muller walks out.
Whemple and Frank fol-
low him. CAMERA FOL-
LOWS THEM and shoots
from between them.

E-21 LONG SHOT DRAWING ROOM

Im-ho-tep with arms folded
standing by couch gazing at
Helen, who is looking up at
him. He turns and bows.
CAMERA COMES CLOSE as the
three men advance and PANS
TO MEDIUM SHOT showing
group. Helen through this
scene ignores the others,
including Frank, who keeps
looking at her from time to
time. She keeps her gaze
on Im-ho-tep.

WHEMPLE (with an effort)
Ardath Bey, Professor
Muller...

(CONTINUED)

E-21 CONTINUED

Im-ho-tep bows to Muller
ignoring his outstretched
hand.

IM-HO-TEP (to Whemple)
I accept your invitation
but I find no solitary
student over his books -
my visit is inopportune.

MULLER
On the contrary, we
were just talking about
--- (he stops)

IM-HO-TEP
Me?

MULLER
Your native Egypt.
(looking from Helen
to Im-ho-tep)
You know Miss Grosvenor?

HELEN
Ardath Bey introduced
himself -

WHEMPLE
Won't you sit down?

Im-ho-tep bows and
sits on chair very
awkwardly. Whemple
sits, Muller and Frank
remain standing, Frank
lighting a cigarette
and offering one to
Im-ho-tep, which he
ignores. Helen is look-
ing at Im-ho-tep, Im-ho-
tep is waiting for them to
begin; Frank and Whemple
are leaving it to Muller.
When Muller speaks it is
in a natural and casual
tone.

MULLER
Sir Joseph was just
wondering how you knew
where the tomb of Anck-
es-en-Amon was hidden.

IM-HO-TEP
Partly inference,
partly chance...
(he turns to Whemple
as he continues)
Sir Joseph, you seem
disturbed.

WHEMPLE
Yes -- a tragedy at the
Museum, after you left.

HELEN (rising)
A tragedy? When I
was there?

E-22 CLOSEUP IM-HO-TEP

IM-HO-TEP (greatly surprised
and startled)
When you were there,
Miss Grosvenor?

As her voice comes through
in following speech a look
of exultation comes into
his face. The CAMERA
throughout this scene takes
in Muller who is closely
watching them both.

HELEN
Yes, they tell me I went
there and tried to get in
just after it was closed
-- I don't remember,
but ---

MULLER (interrupting
authoritatively)
Helen, it is very late ---
(turning to Frank)
Mr. Whemple, will you be
good enough to take Helen
back to the Semiramis?

FRANK (eagerly)
Why certainly -- if Miss
Grosvenor will let me --

He steps up to her but she
is looking at Im-ho-tep.

HELEN
But I don't want to go.

MULLER
After what happened,
you need rest badly.

HELEN
But I don't -- I was
tired-- but I had a littl
nap and now -- I've never
felt so alive before.

MULLER (sternly)
Then as your doctor I
must order you to go.

She turns to him im-
patiently. Im-ho-tep
rises.

HELEN
Oh please -- I'm not
a little girl.

FRANK : (to Helen)
Yes, please come!

We see from their res-
pective tones that
Muller wants to get her
away from Im-ho-tep while
Frank wants a chance for
a ride alone with her.

HELEN (looks for a moment
rebelliously at Mu-
ller then turns to
Im-ho-tep)
Then -- Ardath Bey --
revgir, but we must se
each other again.

(CONTINUED)

E-22 (CONTINUED)

She again holds out her hand to be kissed and looks surprised when he again simply bows.

IM-HO-TEP
I shall be honored.

She turns to Professor Whemple and holds out her hand to shake hands but he is looking at Im-ho-tep in a sort of daze and doesn't shake hands. She turns to Frank reluctantly and they go toward the door, CALERA FOLLOWING THEM. At door she stops, turns for another look at Im-ho-tep as she goes out, followed by Frank.

E-23 MEDIUM SHOT

Im-ho-tep resumes seat and Muller, who has slipped piece of paper and photo in his coat pocket, sits opposite to him. Whemple has not risen from his chair near them. Muller continues, casually as though nothing had happened, the conversation about the dead guard at the point where it was broken off by Helen's interruption.

MULLER

An unusual crime - a guard killed by a man who left a gift to the Museum.

IM-HO-TEP (politely curious)
A gift?

MULLER

A scroll -- part of it was transcribed when it was first found.

Muller rises, bringing piece of paper out of pocket. This paper is the transcription from the scroll, made by the dead Norton, which brought Im-ho-tep to life in Sequence 'A'. Im-ho-tep rises. Muller extends him the paper. Im-ho-tep looks at it but does not take it as Muller says:

MULLER

This is the transcription.

IM-HO-TEP

I cannot read the writing of a period so remote.

(CONTINUED)

TW

E-23 (CONTINUED)

WHEMPLER

You read the name of Anck-
es-en-Amon on that piece
of pottery.

IM-HO-TEP

That was the Eighteenth
Dynasty - but these are
pre-dynastic ideographs.

MULLER

The scroll from which this
was copied was stolen ten
years ago, together with
the mummy of the High Priest
In-ho-tep.

IM-HO-TEP

Most interesting. May I
see the scroll, Sir Joseph?

WHEMPLER

We left it at the Museum.

IM-HO-TEP

So.

(He knows this is a
lie; he looks from one
to the other)

Muller has taken the photo
quietly from pocket and stops
to the table and lays it down
as he says:

MULLER

I have something else to
show you -- a photograph.

In-ho-tep steps across and
looks down at it, Muller not
taking his eyes from In-ho-tep's
face. CAMERA ALSO TAKES in
Whemple, who is gazing intently
at In-ho-tep. In-ho-tep starts
slightly, but his impassive
countenance hardly changes as
he looks down.

E-24 CLOSEUP PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING HEAD
OF MUMMY OF IM-HO-TEP IN MUMMY
CASE PROPPED AGAINST WALL OF
HUT AS WE SAW IT IN SEQUENCE 'A'

Bandages removed from head and
hanging down over bandaged chest.
The resemblance between In-ho-tep
in life and the mummy head is not
conclusive, because the face of
the mummy is distorted with the
agony of his struggles for life
after burial alive.

Whemple's voice comes through:

WHEMPLER'S VOICE

My assistant took the phot
graph before the mummy dis
appeared.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO
MEDIUM SHOT IM-HO-TEP
gazing from one to the
other with proud
insolence.

IM-HO-TEP

And why have you shown
me this?

Muller picks up the photo
with the same hand which
is holding the transcrip-
tion of the spell. Sudden-
ly, with an imperative ges-
ture and a new note of
challenge in his voice, he
holds out the inscription
and the photo again to
Im-ho-tep.

MULLER

Do you think it conceiv-
able that the mummy was
not stolen, but restored
to a semblance of life -
by this spell from the
Scroll of....

E-25 CLOSEUP IM-HO-TEP

gazing at Muller with rage
and hate. With one sweep
of his hand he seizes the
paper and photo from Muller,
tears them both to pieces
and throws them on the floor.
CAMERA PULLS BACK as Im-ho-tep,
his face calm and impassive
again, looks from one to the
other. Whemple has risen,
terrified.

IM-HO-TEP

That scroll is mine --
I bought it from a dealer
-- It is here -- I pre-
sume it is in that room --
(points toward study)

They both look at him with-
out replying. Im-ho-tep
steps toward Whemple, raises
his hand. CAMERA MOVING to
CLOSE SHOT. We see a gleam
from the ancient scarab on
his middle finger. CAMERA
DRAWS BACK.

IM-HO-TEP

Nebet hetophernes --

Whemple staggers, col-
lapses in chair and after
a moment slips down, head
falls on small table, as
though he had fainted, but
Muller interrupts the spell,
flinging out his right arm
toward Im-ho-tep and shout-
ing:

MULLER

We had foreseen this --
the Scroll of Thoth is
in safe hands and will
be destroyed the moment
it is known that harm
has come to us!

He drops his hand, turns to Muller, gives him a long look, doesn't know whether this is true or not, but it may be. At last he says:

IM-HO-TEP

You have studied our ancient arts -- you know that you cannot harm me -- you know also that you must restore that scroll to me, or die.

(points to Whemple)

Tell that weak fool to get that scroll, wherever it is, and hand it to his Nubian servant --

MULLER

Yes, the Nubian -- the ancient blood -- you have made him your slave --

Muller has edged around a little, cutting off Im-ho-tep from the door. He steps forward as if to attack Im-ho-tep, who starts to raise right hand and confront Muller with scarab. Muller takes step back.

MULLER

The power is too strong -- but if I could get my hands on you I could break your dried flesh to pieces!

Im-ho-tep makes no reply excepting an exaggeratedly polite ironical bow. Muller clicks his heels together in the German manner and bows stiffly in return as Im-ho-tep turns and walks out door into hall. CAMERA PANS TO WHEMPLE, who raises his head, looks vacantly, half-stunned about him, as Muller hastens to him.

MULLER

This evil force that has been attacking her is the mummy himself!

(he shakes Whemple roughly by the shoulder)

Burn the scroll, man, - at once -- it was through you that this horror came into existence -

WHEMPLE

(mumbles, his mind almost unhinged)

It's true...it's true...

E-27 INT. FRANK'S CAR DRAWN UP
BESIDE CURB ON STREET IN
FRONT OF HOTEL SEMIRAMIS.
TWO SHOT FRANK AND HELEN
SITTING IN FRONT OF CAR.

FRANK

I wish I could sit here
with you all night.

HELEN

I like it, too - the moon-
light on the Nile. Good-
night.

(she holds out her
hand, he takes it
eagerly. She doesn't
withdraw it - but
continues)

It's wonderful to find a
friend - a real friend...
No, don't say anything,
just leave it at that for
now, won't you? And
thanks, too, for taking
me away.

FRANK

But you wanted to stay!

HELEN

(with great convic-
tion)

I never want to see
that man again.

FRANK

(drawing breath
of relief)

You make me happy when
you say that -- but you
did tell him you wanted
to see him again.

HELEN

(with slight shudder)

Did I? Well, I don't!

(pause)

(They look at each
other)

I must go in, you know.

Frank reluctantly climbs
out his side of the car.
As she reaches out and
opens the door on her
side, he comes around to
help her out.
DISSOLVE TO:

E-28 MEDIUM SHOT...IM-HO-TEP'S
APARTMENT

Im-ho-tep, in white robe
as before, seated cross-
legged by pool, white cat
by his side, both gazing
into pool. CAMERA APPROACHES
FROM BEHIND AND SHOOTS DOWN
INTO WATER and we see only

(CONTINUED)

E-28 (CONTINUED)

the water of the pool.
Im-ho-tep's face and the
cat reflected in it. The
water clouds as with mist -
the mist passes away, and
wee see, gradually becoming
more distinct, the interior
of Whemple's study. Whemple
is seated at desk, his head
buried in his hands. He rises,
goes to the safe in wall; opens
it, takes out the scroll. As
he is withdrawing the scroll -

DISSOLVE TO:

E-29 CLOSEUP IM-HO-TEP

gazing into pool. His eyes
light up and he gives an
ejaculation of triumph.

DISSOLVE TO:

E-30 CLOSEUP POOL OF WATER

In the water we see Whemple
placing scroll on desk.
Frank comes in. His father,
with trembling hand, points
him to a chair.
DISSOLVE TO:

E-31 INT. WHEMPLE'S STUDY...
TWO SHOT WHEMPLE AT DESK...
FRANK LEANING FORWARD ON
DESK LISTENING TO HIS FATHER.

WHEMPLE
If anything should happen to
me, you'll find my will in
this safe.

FRANK (He thinks his father
has lost his nerve;
tries to be kind but
obviously doesn't take
it seriously)
Come, Dad, Muller with his
crazy notions has upset
you -- you're not really
afraid of that Ardath
fellow --

Whemple, without replying,
picks up scroll from desk.
He has now pulled himself
together, he knows what he
has to do and is resolved
to go through with it. The
boy senses the change in his
father's attitude.

FRANK
What are you going to do?

(CONTINUED)

TV

E-31 (CONTINUED)

WHEMPLE (grimly and quietly)
Commit a crime -- destroy
property that belongs to the
Museum.

FRANK
Splendid - just what Muller
wanted!

He steps to his father and
puts a hand on his shoulder,
pats him tenderly.

All right now?

Whemple doesn't want to
alarm Frank so turns to him
with a smile and nods.

Frank feels that everything's
all right and turns to go as
he says, cheerily:

FRANK
That's fine -- now, I'm off
to bed.

CUT TO:

E-32 REFLECTION IN THE POOL OF WATER

We see Whemple, alone in his
study, the scroll in his hand,
before fireplace. He takes
box of matches from ledge, and
kneels before the hearth with
the scroll.

E-33 CLOSEUP IM-HO-TEP

His face contorted by fury,
his eyes blazing. CAMERA
PULLS BACK and we see IM-ho-tep
sitting cross-legged before pool.
He reaches out both hands over
the water and commences to in-
tone a spell. As first words
come the cat leans over water
also tensely, its fur commences
to bristle.

IM-HO-TEP
Neb-het-petre-
Senkh-ke-ra-
Neb-tou-ire-

Im-ho-tep's magic spell is
a terrible strain, for it
is his death spell. It is
agonising to him - he writhes
and twists, his arms are rigid,
his eyes seem to start out of
his head. The cat, too, his
familiar spirit, seems to be
taking part in the ceremony.

E-34 CLOSEUP CAT

Fur erect; paws extended with
claws out, gazing into pool, spitting.
DISSOLVE TO:

E-35 WHEMPLE'S STUDY..CLOSE SHOT WHEMPLE

kneeling at fireplace beside scroll in act of striking match. A shudder runs through him, he drops match box, then presses hand to heart as though ill, then perhaps realising what is happening; he reaches for match box again, picks it up, but hands tremble and he drops it. With an effort he turns and staggers to his feet.

E-36 CLOSE SHOT..WHEMPLE IN AGONY

With right hand he tears open his collar as though suffocating. CAMERA DRAWS BACK as he staggers toward window. He reaches it, tries vainly to push it up to get air and collapses dead in a heap by the window.
DISSOLVE TO:

E-37 CLOSE SHOT..IM-HO-TEP AND CAT

Im-ho-tep has his hands extended claw-like over pool. He is completely at end of his strength, his hands drop and he falls back on the floor, senseless. The cat rises lazily, turns and walks to cushion before statue of cat-headed goddess, Bast, where it lies down.
DISSOLVE TO:

E-38 MEDIUM SHOT..WHEMPLE'S STUDY

Door opens stealthily. The Nubian comes in. He gives horrified look at his dead master, then looks about as though searching. He looks on desk, sees the scroll, goes over, kneels at fireplace, picks it up, rises, puts it on Professor's desk. He takes newspaper out of scrapbasket, goes to fireplace, kneels down, picks up matches, sets fire to newspaper. He rises, picks up scroll from desk, puts it under his robe, tiptoes to door, switches light off. Only light from burning newspaper is seen as we

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

F-1 INT. WHEMPLE'S STUDY...
CLOSE SHOT HEAP OF ASHES
IN FIREPLACE SEEN IN SHAFT
OF SUNLIGHT

CAMERA PULLS BACK showing
Muller kneeling before fire-
place. Frank standing be-
side him. It is morning, the
windows are open and the sun-
light pouring in, Whemple's
body removed, otherwise same
scene as night before.

MULLER (with deep emotion)
Your father destroyed the
scroll -- and he knew it
would cost him his life.

Muller rises and draws
out of his pocket an
Egyptian amulet, made to
be worn around the neck.

F-2 CLOSE SHOT AMULET

Showing figure of Isis
dangling from it. She
carries the crux ansata,
or the symbol of life.
Frank's voice comes
through this shot.



FRANK'S VOICE
What's that?

CAMERA PULLS BACK
TO TWO SHOT MULLER
AND FRANK

MULLER
I meant it for your
father.

FRANK (he is distraught by
grief and talks
wildly)

Isis -- what good could
that old charm have done
him?

(Muller slips it
back in his pocket
without replying as
Frank continues)

I tell you the doctors
say it's a clear case of
heart failure.

MULLER
The Nubian is missing.

FRANK
An old servant --
he's frightened -- he'll
come back -- Don't try to
make me believe that this
Ardath is a mummy come

(CONTINUED)

FRANK (Continued)
to life -- it was that
absurd idea -- the horror
of it -- that killed my
father!

MULLER
The Museum guard -- he
died from natural causes,
too. (puts arm on Frank's
shoulder)
I need your help. I saw
your attraction to my pa-
tient last night -- and
hers to you.

FRANK (his face lights up)
Hers to me?
Do you really think so?

MULLER (nods)
And I welcomed it.

FRANK
Do you think I've a
chance? Why, she's the
most wonderful --
(he breaks off, his
face falls)
But this is beastly of
me -- at a time like this
when poor father --

MULLER
Whemplo, I'm afraid.
Will you come to her
with me now?

They both turn to door.
CAMERA FOLLOWING THEM.

FRANK
Most certainly I will.

MULLER
We'll telephone her fir-
-- She must not leave
the hotel.

Frank goes out, Muller
starts to follow him,
then stops in doorway,
turns, looks back at
fireplace. CAMERA PANS
as he turns back, picks
up an envelope from
Whemplo's desk, goes to
fireplace, kneels down,
picks up some ashes of
burned paper and puts
them in envelope.

FADE OUT

MM

"IM-HO-TEP"

SEQUENCE "G"

G-1 FADE IN:
MEDIUM SHOT SITTING ROOM
HELEN'S APARTMENT...
HOTEL SEMIRAMIS...DAY

Helen in morning negligee is lying on couch holding telephone, listening intently and anxiously.

Beside her is a breakfast tray, she has finished morning paper -- The Egyptian Gazette (English) scattered over couch.

Lying at her feet is a large black police dog, who is looking up, wagging his tail, trying to attract her attention.

The hotel apartment is indistinguishable from a first class French hotel, like the Maurice in Paris.
CAMERA MOVES UP QUICKLY to CLOSE SHOT HELEN with phone. Her face shows sympathy and distress.

HELEN

Heart failure? There's nothing one can say, Frank, but I do so feel for you... Indeed, I would like to see you, if you can come at a time like this...

(her voice shows surprise)

But why do you ask that again? Of course, I'm all right, or I was, until you told me this terrible news.

(in surprised voice)

No, I'm not going out. Yes, I promise to stay here until you come. Good-bye, and I'm so dreadfully sorry,

(puts down phone, reaches down, distress and concern in her face, and absently pats dog's head)

DISSOLVE TO:

G-2 IM-HO-TEP'S ROOM..CLOSE
SHOT POOL OF WATER SEEN
BY LIGHT OF LAMP AS BEFORE

We see the reflection of Im-ho-tep and the cat in the water which clouds as before, then there appears slowly the exterior of the Semiramis, shooting from the street.

CONTINUED

G-2 CONTINUED

Image of outside of hotel
DISSOLVES to hallway inside
hotel, CAMERA MOVES RAPIDLY
DOWN past doors of suites
to door bearing No. D-5.
The door DISSOLVES into
INTERIOR HELEN'S BEDROOM.
Helen, half-dressed, is dress-
ing before dressing table, the
dog sitting alongside, watching her.

The image fades out and we
DISSOLVE TO:

G-3 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT HELEN

Pulling dress over her head
before dressing table. She
examines herself in mirror,
then turns and walks through
door, to sitting room, CAMERA
FOLLOWING HER. She goes over
to settee, sits down, picks up
magazine, opens it, puts it down
at once, leans back, a tender
look on her face. Dog comes into
scene and lies down on floor.
Helen picks up magazine again.

CUT TO:

G-4 IM-HO-TEP'S APARTMENT
CLOSE SHOT IM-HO-TEP
CROUCHING AS BEFORE
GAZING INTO POOL

Curtains hide the windows
and there is no daylight
in the room, the only light
coming from the ancient
Egyptian lamps as in previous
scenes. Im-ho-tep's eyes grow
larger and fixed, his face
immobile. He is focusing his
will on the image he sees in
the water, but without the
terrific and agonizing con-
centration he showed when he
killed Whemple.

CUT TO:

G-5 HELEN'S SITTING ROOM
CLOSE SHOT DOG, ASLEEP,
HIS HEAD ON HIS FOREPAWS

The dog lifts his head as
if disturbed by a bad dream,
and whines. CAMERA PANS TO
Helen. She is reclining as
before with the magazine open.
She is trying to read. Suddenly
her face and figure stiffen a
little -- she looks out with a
fixed stare, the magazine slips
from her hand to the floor unnoticed.
She slowly, rigidly gets up.

EH

G-6 CLOSEUP...HELEN'S FACE

It is that of a subject under hypnosis. Whining of dog is heard.

G-7 MEDIUM SHOT HELEN'S APARTMENT

She walks slowly towards her bedroom. The dog gets up and looks after her.

G-8 ROOM OF THE POOL
MED. CLOSE SHOT IM-HO-TEP

Beside pool gazing rigidly into it, his face relaxes, he smiles in triumph. He passes his arm across his brow and relaxes like a man who has undergone a mental strain. He seems to muse. His eyes are soft now. He smiles faintly. He seems lost in old and beautiful memories. The cat sits impassively beside him.
CUT TO:

G-9 MOVING SHOT...DAY
FRANK AND MULLER IN
FRANK'S CAR, FRANK DRIVING

They are passing along the Shari'a el Koubri, a Europeanized street,
CAMERA MOVES TO TWO SHOT

FRANK
I still don't understand what you're afraid of -- she told me she didn't even want to see him!

MULLER
But you observed her, did you not, when they were together?

Car turns corner by the Casernes de Mars as
CAMERA SHOOTING FORWARD,
shows the Grand Pont de Kasr-en-Nil, bridge over Nile; car does not cross bridge but turns left into open space, the Midan el Hami,
as we

CUT TO:

EH

Q-10 HELEN'S SITTING ROOM
MEDIUM SHOT

Helen, wearing hat and carrying bag, comes out of bedroom and walks toward door to hall. The dog, instead of jumping about and asking to go out, stands still, gives one or two sharp warning barks and then whines protestingly as CAMERA PANS Helen to hall door. She opens it and goes out, closing door.

FADE OUT.

SEQUENCE "H"

H-1 FADE IN:
THE MUSEUM...INT. ONE OF THE
GALLERIES...MORNING...LONG
SHOT THROUGH OPEN DOOR

Showing several of the Egyptian rooms. The Museum is almost empty, but three or four sight-seers are strolling about looking at exhibits. Helen, a small figure in the distance, is seen strolling rather aimlessly. CAMERA TRACKS before her as she comes into the room which is entirely devoted to the funeral paraphernalia and mummy of the Princess Anck-es-en-Amon.

H-2 REVERSE SHOT

Helen standing in portal reading the inscription over the door.

H-3 CLOSE SHOT...INSCRIPTION IN
ENGLISH FLANKED BY SAME
INSCRIPTION IN FRENCH AND ARABIC

"This gallery contains the mummy and complete funerary equipment of the Princess Anck-es-en-Amon, 18th Dynasty, Circa 1750 B. C. All objects in this room are from her un plundered tomb, discovered by the British Museum Field Force, 1932."

CAMERA PANS DOWN TO HELEN... She turns, fixes her gaze on the glass case containing the mummy. She approaches case slowly, her movements a little rigid. This strangeness in her attitude should not be accentuated, but be barely perceptible.

H-4 MEDIUM SHOT

Helen gazing motionless at the face of the mummy, wrapped in its gauze, lying in the glass case. She turns away and CAMERA PANS her to small glass case containing jewelry. As she looks down we read inscription in small gold letters on the strip of wood surrounding the glass which forms the top of the case containing jewels.

H-5 CLOSE SHOT

Looking down at jewels and inscription in English, French and Arabic:

(CONTINUED)

H-5 (CONTINUED)

"Jewelry found on the mummy of Anck-es-en-Amon."

The central exhibit is a beautiful crown consisting of interwoven sprays of wild flowers, delicate filigree work beyond the capacity of the jewelry of today. (See photograph Vol. 2. History of the Pharaohs by Weigall). Around the crown are displayed rings, and armlets in the form of gold snakes with jewelled eyes. To one side by itself is an amulet with pendant of Isis similar to the one Muller showed Frank in Sequence F.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO CLOSE SHOT HELEN gazing with intense interest at jewels. She turns away and CAMERA PANS her to another similar case mounted on pedestal a few feet away.

H-6 CLOSE SHOT CASE CONTAINING TOILET APPLIANCES

Bearing inscription similar to that on jewel exhibit, in English, French and Arabic:

"The toilet articles of Anck-es-en-Amon, found in casket near sarcophagus."

We see all the appliances that the Princess used in her boudoir in life, pots of ointment, little slab on which make-up was mixed, jars of perfume, a little jeweled unguent case and, prominent in the center of the display, a circular bronze mirror, the handle carved in the form of the goddess Isis.

H-7 CLOSE SHOT HELEN

gazing again with a curious and intent expression, at the toilet appliances. Half unconsciously she opens her bag, takes out little mirror, lipstick and powder puff, then with a little smile she slips the mirror back in bag, leans over case and uses lipstick and powder puff as she looks at herself in the polished bronze mirror of the Princess. Im-Ho-Tep's voice is heard. She starts and turns as CAMERA PULLS BACK TO TWO SHOT.

IM-HO-TEP'S VOICE

The mirror ministers to beauty, as it did of old.

(CONTINUED)

Helen puts lipstick in bag and closes it as she says:

HELEN
Ardath Bey!

IM-HO-TEP
You come to dream among the relics of our ancient dead?

HELEN
I don't know why I came.

She glances at mummy of the princess as she speaks.

IM-HO-TEP (with gesture to jewel case)
I watched you admiring her jewels.

HELEN
They are so lovely!

IM-HO-TEP
See -- that crown -- as delicate as a wreath of spring flowers --

HELEN
Isn't it absurd? I feel as though I have seen those things before. They were on her body?
(gestures to mummy)

IM-HO-TEP
She took the things she loved, to the Kingdom of the West.

HELEN
Is that what they called the other world?

She turns to jewel case again.

That necklace has a strange attraction for me -- the one with the goddess Isis.

H-8 CLOSE SHOT JEWEL CASE

focusing on necklace with pendant of goddess Isis holding the crux ansta, the symbol of life, similar to that which Muller showed Frank in Sequence "F".

H-9 CLOSE UP IM-HO-TEP

standing behind Helen, his gaze focused on necklace.
(Continued)

H-9 CONTINUED

He shows something approaching terror as he turns away without replying to her question and says, rather sharply, to get her away at once from the charm he fears:

IM-HO-TEP
Look!

CAMERA PANS HIM a few steps toward glass case where the mummy lies, Helen follows.

(pointing to mummy)
Anck-es-en-Amon. In English
"Royal Daughter of the Sun."

He repeats the name as though trying to awaken some memory in her.

Anck-es-en-Amon!

A little shiver runs through her. The silent form in the case seems to have some mysterious attraction. Im-ho-tep, too, is strongly moved. He takes a step backward and gazes intently at Helen as she stares at the mummy.

HELEN

How long has she been -- like that?

IM-HO-TEP

Three thousand seven hundred years.

HELEN (looks over to toilet case)

Those intimate things she used every day -- make-up - perfume (she looks around room)

And her bed - her lamps - perhaps from the room where she slept - all buried with her - (after pause, she repeats in low voice charged with awe)

Three thousand seven hundred years!

IM-HO-TEP

Time is illusion, the Ka is immortal.

HELEN

You think she has lived again, since then?

IM-HO-TEP

Her Ka may live today, in a body as beautiful as hers was in old Egypt.

CUT TO:

H-10 SEMIRAMIS HOTEL CORRIDOR

Before door of Helen's apartment, lettering "D-3" on door. Frank presses buzzer and long buzz is heard within, the kind of a ring people give when they have rung vainly several times before.

MULLER

Listen!

(He kneels down, puts ear to keyhole)

FRANK

What is it?

Muller motions silence with left hand. A low whine of a dog is heard. Frank presses his ear to crack of door, the whine of an animal in pain or fear is repeated. CAMERA PULLS BACK showing a native floor man, dangling bunch of keys, padding along silently in his felt slippers, approaching them.

Muller steps quickly to him, grabs him by shoulder, points to door.

MULLER

That door -- open it --

The floor man inserts key in lock.

H-11 MEDIUM SHOT...INTERIOR
HELEN'S SITTING ROOM,
SHOOTING TOWARDS OUTER DOOR

Police dog is lying near door whining, door opens; Frank and Muller walk in. The floor man withdraws key and disappears leaving door open. The dog, who knows Muller, greets him joyfully. The two men pay no attention to the dog but look around. Muller rapidly crosses to bedroom door and looks in; he turns, shakes his head.

FRANK

But she promised she'd wait!

Muller looks thoughtfully at dog who is wagging his tail.

MULLER

Why was that dog whining?

FRANK

(impatiently)

Because it was shut up here alone. But where can she have gone?

(CONTINUED)

H-11 (CONTINUED)

MULLER (gravely)
I am afraid -- where she
went last night.

Muller turns to door
to hall, Frank's step-
ping after him.
CUT TO:

H-12 INT. FRANK'S CAR DRIVING
ALONG SHARI'S EL HAMM
BESIDE NILE, TWO SHOT
MULLER AND FRANK

Frank is driving. Muller
has in his hand the envelope
in which he put the ashes
from Whemple's fire-place.
He gingerly picks out with
thumb and forefinger of
left hand a piece of charred
paper, withdraws with right
hand from vest pocket a
pocket microscope with which
he examines charred paper,
Frank glancing curiously at
him.

H-13 CLOSEUP BIT OF CHARRED PAPER
SEEN THROUGH MICROSCOPE --

On which a few lines in news
print are dimly visible.
Muller's intake of breath,
a sound like "ah", comes over
on sound track.

H-14 TWO SHOT MULLER AND FRANK

Muller replaces microscope
in pocket and lets ashes
and envelope drop to floor,
looking sternly straight
ahead of him.

FRANK
What were you doing, Doctor?

MULLER
Your father did not burn the
Scroll of Thoth -- that
creature has it now!

FRANK (startled and shocked)
But the ashes in the fire-
place --

MULLER
They were -- newspaper!
The scroll is papyrus.

FRANK (horrified)
Then it was murder -- The
Nubian! -- Where is he?

Muller turns to Frank,
pulls the Isis amulet out
of coat pocket, holds it
out to him.

MULLER
Wear this around your neck.

(CONTINUED)

H-14 (CONTINUED)

FRANK
Why?

MULLER
When we fight this walking
corpse we must ask pro-
tection from the forces of
old that it defied!

Frank removes one hand
from steering wheel, takes
amulet and drops it into his
coatpocket.

FRANK
I'll give it to Helen. She's
the one who needs protection.

MULLER
No, her life is not in peril,
but her soul.
(puts hand on his knee)
You may not know as yet that
you love her --

FRANK
I've more than a strong
suspicion.

As Muller's next speech
comes over sound track
CAMERA SHOOTs from car
showing courtyard of Museum
into which car is turning.

MULLER'S VOICE
If love for you comes to
her, he will try to destroy
you! That amulet, the
Egyptians believed, was a
charm against evil sendings,
such as struck down your
father.

H-15 EXT. MUSEUM....DAY
MEDIUM SHOT

Taxi pulls up in parking
space near main entrance,
Muller and Frank start to
get out.

H-16 CLOSE SHOT MULLER

as he takes Frank's arm.

MULLER
Remember, not a word to her
-- if she knew what this
Thing is that attracts her,
the horror of it might drive
her mad.

CAMERA PULLS BACK, they
start up Museum steps,
CAMERA TRUCKING before
them.

(CONTINUED)

H-16 CONTINUED

MULLER (earnestly)
Your love can do more to save
her than all my knowledge can!

CUT TO:

H-17 ROOM OF THE PRINCESS
MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Im-ho-tep and Helen are
still standing by the
mummy case. Im-ho-tep
raises his right hand, on
the middle finger flashes
the great scarab we have
seen before.

Helen raises her head
slowly, turns her eyes
to the scarab.

IM-HO-TEP
The High Priest Im-ho-tep
wore it once, her eyes have
gazed upon this very ring!

HELEN (she looks fixedly
and murmurs)
I'm afraid -- of it.

IM-HO-TEP
You will forget that you met
me here -- you have been alone
-- you understand -- alone.

HELEN (in a low murmur)
I understand.

IM-HO-TEP
You will come to me tomorrow ---

HELEN (the strong attraction
Im-ho-tep has for her in
this state is manifest in
her look and her tone)
But where shall I come to you?

IM-HO-TEP
Your steps shall be guided,
as I draw you to myself.

H-18 CLOSEUP HELEN

Gazing like a slave after
her master. CAMERA PANS
showing Im-ho-tep's back
as he walks with slow dignity
through the door of gallery,
turns and disappears.

FR

H-19 CLOSE SHOT HELEN

still gazing. She turns slowly and again looks down at the swathed head of the mummy, CAMER. PULLING BACK, she rests her hands on the edge of the glass case and murmurs:

HELEN

Anck-es-en-Ammon. Royal daughter of the Sun.

CAMERA PANS TO door at opposite end of gallery from that through which Im-ho-tep went out. Through the door we see two or three visitors in the next gallery. Muller and Frank turn corner without, Muller sees Helen first, grabs Frank's arm. They stand motionless looking at her. Muller turns to Frank, lays his hand on his lips, expressing in pantomime "Leave this to me." CAMERA PANS BACK TO HELEN. She takes her hands off lid of case and raises her head. Muller's voice is heard, in usual, friendly tone.

MULLER'S VOICE

So here you are, my dear.

She turns and CAMERA PULLS BACK showing Frank and Muller standing beside her. There is a perceptible pause before she is able to drag back her thoughts. When she speaks it is to Frank, she remembers the tragic news she heard on the phone.

HELEN

Frank!

(she takes his hand in both of hers, presses it)

I'm -- I'm so sorry!

FRANK

Thank you, Helen.

She releases his hand and looks at him, faint surprise growing in her face at his turning up in the Museum a few hours after his father's death.

(CONTINUED)

FR

H-10 CONTINUED

HELEN (remembering)
I told you I'd wait for you --
I -- I'm sorry. But, how
did you know where to find me?

MULLER (casually)
You tried to get in here last
night, so we naturally tried
the Museum first. You haven't
met anyone here, have you?

HELEN (quite frankly)
No.
(she turns towards the
mummy and averts her eyes
with a little shudder)
What made me come here? I
hate mummies.
(looking at Frank)
You asked me on the phone if
I was all right. What did you
mean?

FRANK
Well -- that business last
night, you know -- and this --
it seems funny --

As he says this he sees
little gesture of warning
from Muller's hand and
he breaks off.

HELEN
What do little things
matter -- when this real
tragedy has struck you?

MULLER (gently urging)
We must go, my dear.

Frank takes her arm
and they start to move
off, Muller standing
by the glass containing
mummy, turns and glances
down at Mummy. As he
does so he starts.

H-20 CLOSEUP MULLER

gazing in horror
apparently at mummy.

H-21 CLOSEUP PORTION OF GLASS
CASE ABOVE THE MUMMY

On this is the imprint
of Im-ho-tep's dusty hand,
the same imprint that
Whelpe saw on the table
in the hut at the end of
Sequence "A".

FADE OUT

SEQUENCE "1"

I-1 FADE IN:
 LONG SHOT NARROW NATIVE
 STREET IN THE ARAB QUARTER
 LATE AFTERNOON

It is so narrow that the latticed windows of the houses on each side almost meet over our heads. No sidewalks; merchants and street vendors squatting along sides of street, which is filled with an inextricable maze of traffic.

There is hardly room for two riders to pass, and the busy traffic presents an interminable, ravelled, and twisted string of men, women, and animals, of walkers, riders, and carts of every description. Add to this the cracking of the drivers' whips, the jingling of money at the table of the changers established at every corner of the street, the rattling of the brazen vessels of the water-carriers, the moaning of the camels, braying of donkeys, and barking of dogs, and there is a perfect pandemonium.

We see a few European tourists buffeted about in the throng. CAMERA NOW PICKS up Helen, in street costume, leading a police dog. As she approaches camera, her walk seems to be vague and uncertain. She looks straight ahead of her. She might almost be sleep-walking. Two or three Arabs who nearly run into her stop and look at her and her dog. CAMERA TRUCKS before her as she comes to a side street, little more than an alley. She stops here uncertainly, then turns up it for a few steps, pulling dog.

There is no one in this little alley, the noise from the main street comes through on sound track as Helen wavers, then stops. She looks up.

I-2 FULL SHOT...EXTERIOR SMALL
 SINISTER LOOKING FIFTEENTH
 CENTURY ARAB HOUSE

The lower part stone, the upper part wood, projecting like a huge bay window almost across the narrow street. There are delicately carved iron bars on all the curtained windows.

(NOTE: I suggest the exterior of Im-ho-tep's house be shot from an old house in Cairo; since there is no one in the alley where the house is situated or at the steps

(CONTINUED)

I-2 CONTINUED

when Helen goes in with the dog, the door and steps with Helen and the dog can be shot on the lot. If the moving shot down the crowded Arab street is done in Cairo, Helen and her dog can be cut into this in California without difficulty.)

I-3 MED. SHOT

an ancient, massive, wooden contraption, covered with iron plates, a carved bronze knocker. Three worn stone steps lead up to the door.

Helen enters scene. She looks uncertainly up at door, then moves up steps. She is stopped by the dog trying to pull her back. CAMERA PULLS BACK, showing the dog crouched on the pavement, unwilling to go up the steps. She speaks to him sharply and tugs at the lead two or three times. He gets up, tail between his legs and unwillingly follows her up the steps. The dog's attitude is in sharp contrast to its cheerful and businesslike walk when we saw it with girl in preceding shot.

Reaching top step Helen knocks with bronze knocker, door opens instantly as though she had been waited for. Whemple's giant Nubian in red fez and white gown salaams deeply before her. The dog growls at him, but Helen pulls dog into the hallway.
DISSOLVE TO:

I-4 FULL SHOT.. INT. ROOM OF THE MAGIC POOL

We see Im-ho-tep crouched by the pool, the white cat sitting beside him as before. He rises and CAMERA PANS him towards door, his movements establishing he knows the girl is just outside, as Nubian without throws door open and salaams as Helen enters, pulling dog. Dog growls at Im-ho-tep.

I-5 CLOSEUP IM-HO-TEP

Looking at dog with annoyance that he can't conceal.

IM-HO-TEP

Miss Grosvenor, my cat has no love for dogs.

I-6 CLOSEUP CAT

standing with outraged dignity
looking at dog. Cat takes slow
majestic step or two forward.

I-7 CLOSEUP DOG

whining and shivering in terror,
tugging at lead, crouched to
floor, hair bristling, abjectly
frightened at cat.

We establish in these two CLOSEUPS
the abnormal circumstance, that
a big powerful dog should be
frightened at a cat. CAMERA DRAWS
BACK, showing Helen looking at dog
in astonishment.

HELEN

What's the matter with you,
Wolfram?

Dog whines and tugs as
tho imploring her to
come away.

(to dog)

Don't be absurd!

(to Im-ho-tep)

What a wonderful cat!

Im-ho-tep makes slight
gesture to Nubian, who
comes forward. Dog growls
at him.

IM-HO-TEP

Your dog is frightened --
my servant will see to him.

Nubian drags dog out,
closes door. CAMERA PANS
to cat sitting with dignity
by pool, then PANS to Helen,
looking around room, slightly
dazed.

HELEN

Ancient Egypt -- nothing
modern modern -- I thought
it would be like this.

Im-ho-tep picks up some
cushions and throws them
on floor by pool.

IM-HO-TEP

Sit down, Miss Grosvenor.

She sits down, somewhat
awkwardly. Im-ho-tep squats
beside her, legs crossed
under him, with the careless
ease with which the ancients,
who did not use chairs, used
to squat.

I-8 CLOSE SHOT IM-HO-TEP & HELEN
BY POOL WITH CAT BETWEEN THEM

Helen puts out her hand to stroke cat's head, but cat turns head slowly and looks at her as though resenting the familiarity and Helen withdraws her hand. Helen raises her head and sniffs delicately.

HELEN
That smell -- your strange incense --

IM-HO-TEP
Is it not familiar to you?

HELEN (shakes head doubtfully as if not sure)
No --

IM-HO-TEP
Our forefathers used it -- yours and mine -- Look at me!

Helen turns her head to him, he gazes into her eyes. He doesn't make the usual hypnotic passes, his arms are folded, but he looks long as he murmurs:

IM-HO-TEP
You will not remember what I show you now. And yet I shall awaken memories of love and crime and death --

As he speaks, he picks up the scroll of Thoth, unrolls it, places it beside him while blue flames dance at each end of it. Then he slowly unfolds his arms and makes passes, bringing his hands together and then spreading them over surface of pool and bringing them together again. Helen and the cat are gazing into the water and the room seems to grow darker, the flickering lights of the ancient lamps grow dimmer. CAMERA SHOOTs DOWN at an angle towards the pool on the surface of which appears a pale iridescence. This passes and we see at first only the water and a veil seems to pass over it and shapes vague, formless at first, pass across the surface. Gradually as though veil after veil were being removed, the scene grows clearer, although the vision we are about to see and those which follow it, are never clear cut and sharp, they are shadowy, and the effect of visions seen in water is preserved throughout.

(CONTINUED)

I-8 (CONTINUED)

Shadowy forms become clearer until we see it is a CLOSEUP of Helen's head resting upon the curved wooden support that the ancient Egyptians used for their heads instead of a pillow. She wears bound around her head by a fillet the royal uraeus, or cobra head, worn only by members of the royal house, which we saw in the jewel case in the museum. Her lips move as though in fever, she tosses, she twists her head back and forth as tho in pain.

I-9 MED. SHOT..SEEN IN WATER..
HELEN, OR THE PRINCESS ANCK-ES-EN-AMON

Lying in bed in a small bedroom in the Temple of Karnak, stone walls, supported by lotus columns. A distressed handmaiden in white robe is bending over bed, pressing what looks like cold compresses to her brow, another slave girl is kneeling by bed on side away from camera, sobbing; two priests who seem to be doctors, consulting gravely in b.g. CAMERA TURNS to doorway which is shut off from corridor by curtain, hand without pulls curtain back and we move to CLOSE SHOT of Im-ho-tep, wearing the full regalia of the High Priest of Amon. He gazes at the scene before him. CAMERA TURNS, showing the two doctors in abeissance to the High Priest. Im-ho-tep pays no attention to them, takes a few steps to bed, on side near camera, sinks to his knees.

I-10 CLOSE SHOT THE PRINCESS IN BED

She turns her head and forces a wan smile as she stretches arm, a beautiful gold bracelet in form of a coiled snake winding around and up her naked forearm. (This bracelet we have seen in the jewel case in the Museum.) Im-Ho-Tep kisses her hand and arm in passionate distress. CAMERA PULLS BACK, showing the two slave girls and two priests, who have now risen, and moves to CLOSE SHOT of the two priests, who are watching the scene by the bed and one of them, looking at the other, shakes his head slowly and gravely as if to indicate there is no hope. LAP DISSOLVE TO:

I-11 MED. SHOT..IN WATER, THE FOURTEEN
STEPS LEADING DOWN TO OPEN DOORWAY
OF TOMB..BY DAY

The same shot we saw at the end of Sequence "B", except that the entrance of the tomb has not been walled up.

(CONTINUED)

I-11 CONTINUED

Very faint sounds of weird oriental music and the wailing of women approaching are heard.
DISSOLVE TO:

I-12 LONG SHOT.. IN WATER..VALLEY OF THE QUEENS

Shut in by the mountains beyond as seen in Sequence "B", a short distance away the excavation leading down to the new tomb is seen, and a cortege bearing a bier approaches. First come the professional mourners, men and women, tearing their hair and lamenting, the women doing the death dance. The sounds we hear during this and any other of the visions revealed by Im-ho-tep's magic, are faint and distant, even when the persons in the vision are near the camera. Following the professional mourners, comes the bier carried by eight Nubian slaves, a mummy case resting on it, which is covered with flowers. The bier is like a large stretcher, is carried by poles before and behind. Following the bier on foot is the Pharaoh, wearing the great crown which combines the red crown of lower Egypt, with the white crown of upper Egypt. He is dressed in the long white garb of mourning. Behind him, alone, walks Im-ho-tep, in his costume as the High Priest, and behind Im-ho-tep a group of other priests and mourners. The bier comes to a halt by steps leading down to tomb, soldiers with spears on guard there, throw themselves in the dust as the Pharaoh walks to the side of the bier, lays hand on coffin and takes last farewell of his daughter. He turns. The closing ceremony belongs to the priests alone. The Pharaoh followed by his women and the mourners, walk out of scene as Im-ho-tep steps beside bier and the pallbearers start to carry the bier down the fourteen steps, preceded and followed by priests with lighted torches. Im-ho-tep walks down the steps first, and as we lose sight of the bier, DISSOLVE THRU to long passage cut in solid rock, the cortege moving slowly down it, figures of gods and goddesses painted or sculptured on walls showing fitfully by the light of the torches. At one point the coffin is carried across a deep well sunk in the rock to foil tomb robbers -- across wooden planks. And we see great stones of granite at two or three places above our heads, propped up by timbers, so that when the props are removed the stones will fall and close the passage forever.

I-13

THE CENTRAL TOMB CHAMBER
SHOOTING FROM REVERSE ANGLE,
SEEN REFLECTED IN WATER

Im-ho-tep enters carrying torch. The bier follows. A few priests also with torches enter. By the light of the torches we see that the chamber is circular; painted on the roof are stars, the sun and the moon, so that the ka of the dead may rest beneath an imitation of the Egyptian sky.

While priests hold the torches the Nubians lift the anthropoid mummy case, which we have seen in its case in the Cairo Museum, and lower it into the great stone sarcophagus standing in the center of the chamber. The stone lid of the sarcophagus, sculptured to represent the dead Princess, which we have also seen in the Museum, is propped up by wooden supports. Im-ho-tep, overcome by grief, kneels beside sarcophagus, but when the wooden coffin has been placed inside and the Nubians are about to remove the wooden supports so that the great stone lid will come down, Im-ho-tep rises and with imperative gesture of his torch, orders everyone out. The priests look at each other, surprised, but the Nubians leave at once. Im-ho-tep makes another gesture with his torch to the priests, whose reaction shows their astonishment at this unheard of procedure. However, they go out obediently and we see Im-ho-tep now standing alone beside the sarcophagus, his torch in his hand, as we --
LAP DISSOLVE TO:

I-14

STONE STATUE OF THE GOD
AMON, SOME TEN FEET TALL
SEEN IN WATER

Bathed in an unearthly light, seated on throne, wearing the crown of upper and lower Egypt, the ceremonial scourge or flail in his upper hand, in his left the looped crux ansata or symbol of eternal life. The statue's arms are crossed. CAMERA PULLS BACK, showing it is a small room entirely bare, containing nothing but the statue of the god, Im-ho-tep on his knees before it. The light that bathes the head and shoulders of the statue of the god, we now see, is moonlight pouring thru a small hole cut in the roof above the statue.

(NOTE: This effect is genuine. There is a shrine at Karnak now which has its statue and the hole for the moonlight.)

zh

I-15 CLOSE SHOT IM-HO-TEP

With his right hand he presses a spring in the pedestal of the statue, which looks like solid rock; it slides back, he reaches in.

I-16 CLOSEUP IM-HO-TEP'S HAND

Pulling out the solid gold casket that we saw in Sequence "A". He opens the casket and takes out the inner alabaster casket, with the curse on the lid, as seen in "A", from this he takes out the scroll of Thoth. As he does so he raises his head, looking up at the statue. CAMERA PANS QUICKLY UP to statue and the folded right arm of the statue holding the flail is seen to move, extending the scourge toward Im-ho-tep, then the arm moves back as before, CAMERA PANS DOWN, showing Im-ho-tep groveling on the floor in terror. But his love triumphs over his fear, he places the scroll under his robe and creeps out on his knees. CAMERA PANNING him to door at opposite end from statue, closed by curtain. He pulls curtain aside and creeps out. LAP DISSOLVE TO:

I-17 MED. SHOT.. EXT TOMB
OF PRINCESS BY MOONLIGHT
SEEN IN WATER

There are guards with spears on each side of steps leading down, the tomb has not been closed. Im-ho-tep comes into scene walking down the steps, the guards kneel to the High Priest and bow their heads in the sand as Im-ho-tep disappears down the steps. DISSOLVE TO:

I-18 MUMMY CASE OF THE PRINCESS

Showing her image carved in wood, lit by torchlight. CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see Im-ho-tep on his knees beside the mummy case, which he has taken out of the sarcophagus. The chamber is lit by single torch of resin propped up on floor a short distance away. Im-ho-tep removes the lid of the mummy case, revealing the swathed form of the princess inside, just as we saw her in the museum, where the upper half of the mummy case is lying in its case in the year 1932 beside the mummy itself.

I-19 CLOSEUP IM-HO-TEP

Gazing at the form of the dead girl he loved. CAMERA PULLS BACK as he removes scroll from under his robe. He crawls on his knees to foot of coffin and with every manifestation of superstitious dread, opens scroll. The scroll remains open of itself and blue flames dance at each end as when Im-ho-tep opened scroll in 1932 at beginning of this sequence. Im-ho-tep suddenly starts wildly to his feet and turns terrified, as we PAN TO DOOR of tomb and see lights coming down corridor. A priest enters, followed by guards. He is dressed less richly than Im-ho-tep, but is an elderly man with piercing black eyes, clearly a personage of great importance. He flings out his right arm, pointing to Im-ho-tep; the guards press in behind him and seize Im-ho-tep. The figures on the screen blur as at the beginning of these visions. We see erratically moving lights and torches, suggesting, but in impressionistic and not realistic fashion, Im-ho-tep being dragged through the corridors and out into the night. Gradually the magic pool of water becomes again visible. In it the reflection of Helen peering down and the reflection of the cat. CAMERA PULLS BACK to MED. SHOT, showing Im-ho-tep sitting a little back from the pool with folded arms, as the lights from the ancient lamps in the room begin to burn more brightly again. The blue flames at each end of the scroll flicker and die. He rolls up the scroll. As Helen takes her eyes from the water and turns her head to him, the cat slowly gets up and CAMERA FOLLOWS CAT as it walks up to statue of the cat-headed goddess, Bast. Then cat moves off behind curtain.

CAMERA PANS to Helen, still under hypnosis, and Im-ho-tep, beside pool.

IM-HO-TEP (In soft and low but compelling voice)
 'Anck-es-en-Amon of the House of the Hawk Kings, my love has lasted longer than the temples of our gods. No man ever suffered as I suffered for you - but you may not know the rest - not until you are about to pass through the great night of terror and triumph -- until you are ready to face moments of horror for an eternity of love -- until I send back your spirit that has wandered thru so many forms and so many ages. But before then Bast --

(CONTINUED)

I-19 (CONTINUED)

He turns and makes bow to statue of cat goddess.

IM-HO-TEP

--Must again send forth
death -- death to that boy
for whom love is even now
creeping into your heart--
love that would keep you
from myself -- love that
would betray our great
passion of old --
(he makes pass across
her eyes)
Awake!

I-20 CLOSEUP HELEN

Looking at him now with
recognition. She has come
to herself.

HELEN (passing hand across
her brow)
Have I been asleep --
such strange dreams --
dreams of Old Egypt, I
think -- there was someone
like you in them --

IM-HO-TEP

My pool is sometimes
troubled -- and one sees
strange fantasies in the
water -- but they pass--
like dreams --

Through this comes agoniz-
ing howl from dog. Im-Ho-Tep
turns head; Helen scrambles
up, crying..

HELEN

My dog -- Wolfram - Wolfram--
Where is he?

CAMERA PANS Im-Ho-Tep to
door. He flings it open,
looks out, shrugs shoulders,
turns to Helen.

IM-HO-TEP

My shrine is sacred to
Bast, the cat goddess --
it is no place for a dog!

Helen pushes by.

I-21 CLOSE SHOT HELEN IN DOORWAY
REVERSE ANGLE SHOOTING FROM HALL

as she stares in horror.

FADE OUT.

SEQUENCE "J"

J-1 FADE IN:
INTERIOR HELEN'S SITTING
ROOM...HOTEL SEMIRAMIS...
NIGHT...MEDIUM SHOT...

Frank, looking haggard and worried, sitting on couch, phone receiver at ear. He hangs the phone up, gets up and paces floor anxiously. Frank whirls toward door as he hears sound of key in hall door. CAMERA PANS to door, door opens, Helen, in street clothes and hat, as we saw her in last sequence, stops in doorway.

J-2 CLOSEUP...HELEN

With a strange expression of surprised annoyance on her face, something like defiance, as Frank's voice comes over sound track.

FRANK'S VOICE
 Helen -- thank God!
 Where have you been?

CAMERA PANS showing Frank, his hands stretched out eagerly to her. He drops his hands and looks unhappy as he sees the expression on her face. Helen takes a few steps forward, puts down her bag draws off her gloves.

J-3 MEDIUM SHOT...FRANK AND
HELEN STANDING

HELEN (as though she wishes he weren't)
You're here -- again --

FRANK
 We've been so worried --
 we hunted everywhere --

HELEN (in a cold, hard, voice slightly satirical)
 The Museum, again?

FRANK
 Yes. And Muller's down
 in the Arab quarter now.

HELEN
 Well, if I must give an
 explanation -- it was
 stuffy in here -- I can't
 be shut up all the time --
 and I

(CONTINUED)

HELEN (continued)
 don't like the feeling
 that I'm always being
 watched.-- I took the dog
 with me.
 (she looks down as
 though expecting to
 find the dog beside
 her)

FRANK
 Where is the dog?

J-4 CLOSE SHOT..HELEN

The fact she's forgot-
 ten about the dog in-
 dicates to Frank her
 strange mental state.
 A look of pain crosses
 her face as she remembers:

HELEN
 He's -- he's dead.

FRANK
 Run over?

HELEN
 A cat killed him.

FRANK (astonished)
 A cat killed a police
 dog? But how?

HELEN
 I don't know.

FRANK
 But where?

During this talk about
 the dog her antagonism
 to Frank, which was a
 hangover from the Im-Ho-
 tep scene, disappears
 and she becomes friendly
 and intimate again.

HELEN
 I don't remember -- but
 I can see it now -- spit-
 ting -- standing on poor
 Wolfram -- a white cat.

FRANK (too staggered to be
 careful of what he
 says)
 A white cat - the cat
 goddess - Bast!

HELEN (quite simply, as
 though it were
 natural)
 Yes, there was a statue
 of Bast.

FRANK
 The goddess of evil send-
 ings-
 (he turns away as
 he mutters)
 My father --

(CONTINUED)

HELEN What are you saying?

FRANK (turns back to Helen)
Tell me more, Helen. Try
to remember.

HELEN (with a flash of the
manner she had when
she came in)
I don't want to remember --
and I don't think it's
any affair of yours,
Frank.

FRANK (pleading)
But it is.
(very gently)
We know you were with
Ardath Bey.

J-5 CLOSEUP..HELEN

She looks up at him when
she hears the name 'Ardath'.
At first it is a hard look,
one of defiance.

J-6 CLOSE SHOT..FRANK

As he stretches out his
arms, pleading, tears in
his eyes and in his voice.

FRANK
Helen, I love you -- I'm
trying to help you --
protect you -- we all are.

J-7 CLOSEUP..HELEN

Her expression changed
to terror and horror.
She holds out her hands
imploringly to Frank.

HELEN
Don't let me go again --
I'll try to get away but
you mustn't let me -- no
matter what I say or what
I do

CAMERA PULLS BACK as Frank
takes both her hands.

There's death there for
me, life for something
else inside me that
isn't me, but it's alive,
too, and it's fighting
for life!

(her voice rises to
an appealing cry)
Save me Frank -- save me
from it!

She half swoons in his
arms and he carries her
to couch, lays her down
and kneels beside her.

J-8 CLOSE SHOT..HELEN ON COUCH
FRANK KNEELING BESIDE HER

He kisses her tenderly
on the brow.

FRANK

It's all right now -- now
that you've asked for
help -- we'll never leave
you alone -- I'll get Frau
Muller down here with you
now, and I'll stay here
until Muller comes back --
and then we'll take you
to my house - the Mullers,
too - we can take care of
you there. Oh, Helen -
it was such torture --
I love you so.

She puts one arm around
his neck... they kiss.
CUT TO:

J-9 IM-HO-TEP'S ROOM...
MEDIUM SHOT

Im-ho-tep and white cat
sitting by the pool.

J-10 CLOSE SHOT IM-HO-TEP
AS HE GAZES INTO POOL

At what he sees his face
is contorted by fury.
DISSOLVE TO:

J-11 MEDIUM SHOT..INTERIOR
HELEN'S SITTING ROOM

Frank and Frau Muller
standing by hall door.
Frau Muller is a prosaic,
matter-of-fact Austrian
lady, kind and motherly.

FRAU MULLER

I've given her some
bromide -- she'll sleep --
you go home, and we'll
talk about moving her
over to your house to-
morrow.

FRANK

No, Frau Muller, I'll wait
here until the Doctor
comes.

FRAU MULLER (shaking her head)
You're much too tired.
Good-night, then, I'm
going to bed.

She goes out, closing
hall door. Frank walks
up and down room, then
stops and looks at the
closed door of Helen's
bedroom. He takes from
his neck the

(CONTINUED)

J-11 (CONTINUED)

amulet that Muller gave him, crosses to bedroom door, drops on one knee and hangs it over the door knob.
CUT TO:

J-12 IM-HO-TEP'S ROOM...
CLOSEUP..IM-HO-TEP BENDING FORWARD..LOOKING DOWN INTO POOL

A light of triumph comes into his eyes as he gives an exultant gasp.

J-13 HELEN'S SITTING ROOM...
MEDIUM SHOT

Frank, evidently very tired, lies down on couch and switches off light beside it, leaving only dim light in room from small electric bulbs on wall.
CUT TO:

J-14 IM-HO-TEP'S ROOM..MEDIUM SHOT

Showing Im-ho-tep leaning tensely over pool, scroll with its blue flames beside him, cat also tensely gazing into water.
CAMERA MOVES TO CLOSE SHOT as Im-ho-tep attempts the death spell as practised on Professor Whemple with the same intensity and terrific concentration.

IM-HO-TEP

Neb- hep - etre --
Menu - hot - pe --
Serkh - ke - re --
Neb - tui - sek - het --

As Im-ho-tep says this he writhes and twists, his arms held rigidly over the water, his eyes seem to start out of his head.
CUT TO:

J-15 INTERIOR HELEN'S SITTING ROOM..CLOSE SHOT..FRANK

Lying on couch, half asleep.

J-16 CLOSEUP..FRANK

A spasm of pain crosses his face as he struggles to sit up. CAMERA DRAWING BACK. He puts hand to his throat and with a terrific effort he tumbles himself off the couch and crawls to the door of Helen's bedroom where the charm is hanging from the door knob. He cannot stand, but as he reaches it with the greatest difficulty he gets one hand up and pulls the amulet over the door knob down to the floor.

J-17 CLOSE SHOT..FRANK ON FLOOR

Writhing in agony, as he clasps the little figure of Isis to his breast. As he does this he draws a deep breath, he had seemed to be suffocating before and we see that he is saved.
CUT TO:

J-18 CLOSE SHOT..IM-HO-TEP .

Baffled rage and fury in his face as he withdraws hands stretched over pool and sinks back on cushions, exhausted.
CUT TO:

J-19 HELEN'S SITTING ROOM..
MEDIUM SHOT..FRANK ON
FLOOR

He gets up, puts the amulet around his neck, goes to window, opens it and leans out, drinking in the fresh air.

FADE OUT.

"IM-HO-TEP"

(SEQUENCE "K")

K-1 FADE IN:
INTERIOR WHEMPLE HOUSE...
TWILIGHT...LONG SHOT BEDROOM.
THROUGH OPEN DOOR OF BEDROOM
ACROSS HALL. PORTION OF ANOTHER
ROOM IS SEEN

Helen is lying in bed facing
CAMERA at end of bedroom, English
nurse in uniform is standing
beside her looking down at
her, Frau Muller sitting be-
side her on other side of
bed. To the right of the bed
is another door leading into
boudoir.

Across the hall in the other
room by window Muller, Frank
and a third man in a group
are talking. CAMERA TRUCKS
to MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT Helen
in bed, looking weak and
emaciated, shot taking in
Frau Muller in chair beside
her.

ELLEN (to Frau Muller, in
weak voice)
I don't like that doctor--
Please go in there and
find out what he's saying
about me --

FRAU MULLER
I will, my dear. He'll
know what is the matter,
and cure you --

CAMERA PANS her to door
leading into hall. She
goes out closing it. The
moment the door closes
Helen quickly and eagerly
sits up in bed, as CAMERA
PANS BACK TO HER. She
throws back the covers,
sits on the edge of the
bed. The nurse turns to
her startled and surprised.

ELLEN (in sharp commanding
voice contrasting
strongly with her
tones when she spoke
to Frau Muller)
Now, Miss Sparling -- help
me to get dressed -- and
get out of here--

The nurse looks at her
and shakes her head.

NURSE
It's come over you again,
Miss Grosvenor.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN (with intense nervous force)
I must escape. I'm being held here -- and you must help me --

NURSE
But you told me that when these fits came on I wasn't to listen.

HELEN
I've a friend -- he's rich -- he'll give you money --

NURSE
Now lie down again, you know you mustn't get up.

HELEN (still speaking quickly, feverishly)
If you don't want money -- what do you want most? Lovers? Beauty? He'll do anything for you -- if you'll help me to come to him!

She rises from the bed but nurse takes her arm.

NURSE
Do you want me to call Dr. Muller?

HELEN
No! I hate him!

NURSE
Mr. hemple, then?

K-2 CLOSEUP HELEN

Hate, anger and defiance in her face as she hears Frank's name. CAMERA DRAWS BACK TO TWO SHOT - Helen throws nurse's arm off.

HELEN (changing her tone to one of appeal)
I'll die if I can't get away from them - it's killing me, do you hear, it's killing me!

CAMERA PANS to door which opens and Frau Muller comes in. She gives a little exclamation of surprise and distress as she comes up to them, CAMERA FOLLOWING.

(CONTINUED)

FRAU MULLER

Now, Helen, you mustn't do this again. You're always so exhausted afterwards --

Helen sits back on bed, puts her hands over her face and cries. We see that the strange energy has left her and she is very ill. She sinks back on the bed utterly exhausted, as nurse and Frau Muller lift her feet back into bed and rearrange the bed clothes.
DISSOLVE TO:

K-3 ANOTHER ROOM. WHEMPLE HOUSE
MED. SHOT...TWILIGHT

A distinguished looking specialist, Muller and Frank, in group by window, thru which fading afternoon light comes.

SPECIALIST

She's too weak to be removed -- except to a hospital --

MULLER

I insist on keeping her under our direct observation.

FRANK

But, Dr. LeDarron, you haven't told us what to do for her - she gets weaker every day --

K-4 BEDROOM..TWILIGHT
MED. SHOT FRAU MULLER

Frau Muller sitting by bed as Helen is speaking to her, her weakness shown by the difficulty she has in getting the words out.
CAMERA MOVES TO CLOSE SHOT
HELEN as she speaks.

HELEN

That negligee I bought in Paris--help me to put it on--and bring me all my toilet things--I want some color--I want to be-- beautiful, once more--

FRAU MULLER

But you can't do that, my dear--they'd never allow it, the nurse here--

(CONTINUED)

HELEN (pleading)
I know--get rid of her--
it's a little plot--just
between us. I want to look
the way I did--just a sur-
prise for Frank--I want
you to bring him to me--
you understand.

CUT TO:

K-5 THE OTHER ROOM..TWILIGHT
MEDIUM SHOT

Frank, Muller, Specialist
by window as before.

SPECIALIST
In short, I have failed
to make a diagnosis.

MULLER (shakes head)
It is one of those cases
in which medical science
is helpless.

CAMERA PANS to door to
hall which opens. The
shadows have lengthened
in the room, it is almost
dark. The lights are
switched on by Mrs. Muller
as she enters and closes
door behind her.

FRAU MULLER
Frank!

Frank walks to her
quickly.

Go to her. And don't be
angry with me--I couldn't
resist her.

Mrs. Muller gestures
to him to go out and
turns to the others as
Frank goes out.
DISSOLVE TO:

K-6 BOUDOIR ADJOINING
HELEN'S BEDROOM..MED.SHOT

Helen, just finishing making
up her face, is lying on couch
clad in ravishing negligee,
the curtains are drawn, two
or three shaded lamps are on
giving subdued light. Frank's
voice heard off in bedroom,
door of which is ajar.

FRANK'S VOICE (alarmed)
Helen! Where are you?
Nurse!

HELEN (calls)
In here, Frank.

She slips mirror and
lipstick under pillow.
(CONTINUED)

K-6 (CONTINUED)

CAMERA PANS TO BEDROOM
DOOR. Frank appears,
looks at her astonished,
runs to her, CAMERA FOLLOW-
ING, and sinks beside couch
with little cry, taking her
hands.

K-7 TWO SHOT HELEN AND FRANK

FRANK
Helen--you shouldn't--they
shouldn't have let you--

HELEN
Just once--perhaps the
last time--I want you to
remember me, as I am now.

FRANK
Don't, Helen, don't --
you're going to get well,
and then I know I can make
you love me--I know I can
make you happy--

Helen sits up on couch,
holds arms out to him.

Frank on knees, seizes
her in his arms, kissing
her. As he releases her,
she sinks back on pillows
exhausted.

CAMERA PANS to bedroom
door, Muller comes in,
stops surprised and un-
observed and hears Helen's
next speech as
CAMERA MOVES TO...

K-8 CLOSEUP HELEN

She speaks with diffi-
culty.

HELEN
I do love you, Frank. And
I'm trying to prove it ---
because, you see, I'd
rather die than live--and
lose you--
(she breaks off)

CAMERA PULLS BACK to
take in Frank.

FRANK
But you're going to live!
And we won't lose each
other!

Muller's voice comes in.

MULLER'S VOICE
So, my dear--

K-9 THREE SHOT

Helen on couch, Frank
kneeling, Muller standing

(CONTINUED)

K-9 (CONTINUED)

looking down at them.

HELEN (smiling wanly up at Muller)
Don't scold me--just feminine vanity--I wanted to look my best again.

MULLER
So you know more than I realized you knew.

FRANK
What do you mean?

MULLER (to Frank)
These impulses to go to him -- the pull is too strong to withstand, and live.

HELEN
I'm glad you understand.

FRANK
But she couldn't go out in the state she's in!

MULLER
Helen knows. She knows that the moment she stops struggling, he would give her back her strength--to come to him.

HELEN
Yes, but I don't want to lose my own mind--and be-- someone else--someone I hate.

MULLER (to Frank)
Frank, we can do no more. Ardath has beaten me.

K-10 CLOSEUP HELEN

As she hears this, a mixture in her face of horror and of longing for life - as if she just had a reprieve from the gallows.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to take in Muller and Frank.

MULLER
My dear, while you have been growing worse, we have tried to find him, and failed. Next time, when the call comes, go to him.

FRANK (jumps up)
Muller, you want to use her as bait!

(CONTINUED)

aw

X-10 (CONTINUED)

MULLER (leads him aside as
he says in whisper)
His power is too strong --
we can keep her from him,
but she is dying, and
she knows it.

Frank turns to her,
sinks on his knees
again, buries his head
on Helen's breast and
sobs. She strokes
his hair comfortingly.

FADE OUT.

IM-HO-TEPSEQUENCE "L"FADE IN:

L-1 EXT. NORTHEAST CORNER OF
MUSEUM...NIGHT...ELECTRIC
TORCH FLASHING ON DOOR

CAMERA PULLS BACK and Egyptian watchman is seen on his rounds. He tries door and finds it locked. It is the door to the side entrance of the Museum that leads into the late Sir Joseph Whemple's office, which we saw in Sequence "C".

CAMERA PANS policeman along east side, rear of Museum, flashing torch as he moves, policeman walks out of scene as CAMERA PAUSES by group of small shrubs by Museum wall. CAMERA PANS AROUND shrubbery and we see that it conceals barred basement windows. Several of the bars across the window have been wrenched out affording room for ingress. CAMERA PANS AWAY from Museum across narrow courtyard which is deserted. It is a dark night, with clouds. Out of the shrubbery and trees which shoot off the Museum from the Shari'a Mariette Pasha, IM-HO-TEP and Helen emerge carefully, the man looks around, sees no one, moves stealthily with the woman towards the camera.

L-2 CLOSE SHOT WINDOW FROM
SIDE ANGLE

Helen, followed by IM-HO-TEP, comes into scene. She stands by window irresolutely. A long, naked, black arm comes out of window and seizes her arm, assisting her as she starts to climb through window.

CUT TO:

L-3 INTERIOR MUSEUM

Arab guard, in fez and robe, carrying lantern, is walking down some steps. CAMERA TRUCKS UP on him as he nonchalantly goes on his rounds suspecting and hearing nothing. Suddenly, IM-HO-TEP moves past camera coming into the light of the guard's lantern and confronts him.

L-4 CLOSE SHOT GUARD

Astonished and alarmed he drops his lantern, opens mouth to yell.

L-5 TWO SHOT FROM SIDE ANGLE
IM-HO-TEP AND GUARD

IM-HO-TEP steps forward muttering as he gazes snake-like into guard's eyes and extends his right hand -- flash of light on great scarab he wears -- guard drops to the floor. Nubian enters scene, kneels, picks up still burning lantern and blows it out.

L-6 DARKNESS...INTERIOR
ROOM OF PRINCESS

Electric flashlight in IM-HO-TEP'S hand flashes on the case containing mummy and coffin of the Princess showing where we are, the flashlight flashes on an antique lamp, one of those from the tomb of the Princess. The Nubian moves into scene, pours oil into it, inserting floating wick and lights it.

This beautiful lamp of translucent alabaster, sheds faint light through the room and CAMERA PANS showing Helen standing perfectly still as though hypnotized in b.g. IM-HO-TEP is also standing still, he puts the torch down as the room is lit by lamp, as Nubian bends over large alabaster vase, four feet high, takes out bundle of clothes and two sandals. IM-HO-TEP gestures to Helen, the Nubian approaches her holding them out.

IM-HO-TEP (to Helen)
Prepare yourself!

HELEN
You want me to put on --?

IM-HO-TEP
Yes!

Certain of being obeyed he turns to Nubian who is standing with folded arms and points to door adjoining exhibit room. Nubian walks to door, and disappears through it, IM-HO-TEP following him, leaving Helen standing by the lamp, the clothes in her hands.

(CONTINUED)

L-6 (CONTINUED)

Helen puts down sandals on exhibit case, holds up robe of finest linen to the light. She acts throughout scene, as in previous scenes with IM-HO-TEP, as though dazed. She starts to disrobe.

A faint light comes through door of adjoining room where Nubian and IM-HO-TEP disappeared, as though they had lit a lamp in there. As Helen takes off her modern dress --
DISSOLVE TO:

L-7 SAME SCENE...MEDIUM
CLOSE SHOT

Helen, her modern clothes piled on chest in dark corner, now standing in a linen robe, pretty transparent as Egyptian ladies wore no underwear, a similar costume to that of the Princess in the retrospect. She wears sandals on her naked feet. CAMERA PANS to door through which IM-HO-TEP left and he re-enters. He is now clad in white linen robe, a copy of his costume as seen in the retrospect when he was High Priest of Amon, except that he has no jewelry breast plate or priestly ensignia. He stops on seeing Helen, extends his right arm and bows his head in the salute to royalty of ancient Egypt.

L-8 CLOSEUP HELEN

gazing at him astonished and speechless. Her head turns apparently following him as he moves. CAMERA PANS to IM-HO-TEP standing by the jewel case. He touches it with his hand, then calls in Arabic.

IM-HO-TEP
Ta'ala hineh!
(Come here)

CAMERA PANS to door into the other exhibit room, through which light now comes, and Nubian walks in, now stark naked except for loin cloth, the costume of the ancient Egyptian slave. He folds his arms and bows low.

(CONTINUED)

L-8 CONTINUED

IM-HO-TEP (touching jewel case)
I ftah sardukaki
(Open this)

Nubian crosses to jewel case and with his two hands wrenches the lid off, smashing the formidable lock.

IM-HO-TEP
Ruh! Yallah! (Go in there)
(points to room where Nubian has been mysteriously occupied)

Nubian moves out of scene.

L-9 CLOSE SHOT IM-HO-TEP AT CASE

He picks out the amulet with the figure of Isis -- the duplicate of the charm that saved Frank -- and throws it angrily across the floor. Then he takes out magnificent pectoral necklace and holds it up. CAMERA PANS back showing Helen watching motionless. She slowly steps up to him and he puts the necklace around her neck. He picks out rings and puts them on her fingers which she extends impassively. Around her naked arms he places bracelets of the Princess in the form of twisted snakes -- we saw these on her arms in the retrospect in Sequence "I" -- he binds around her head the gold fillet which has on its front the uraeus or cobra worn only by royal blood, and, lastly, he lifts out the crown described in H-5 and places it on her head.

IM-HO-TEP goes to glass case containing the bed of the Princess, which was taken from her tomb, a low wooden couch, the linen or canvas part restored by the Museum but the frame-work genuine. He opens the case, which is not locked like the jewel case, and pulls out the couch.

IM-HO-TEP
Lie here -- O Royal Daughter of the Sun -- and go back, life by life, and as your soul passes through each of its incarnations, that life will be blotted out of the records of Osiris, King of the Dead, even as tonight I blot out your life here from this foul world of today!

(CONTINUED)

L-9 CONTINUED

As he speaks he motions her to the couch and she lies down. IM-HO-TEP squats beside her and takes from beneath his robe, the scroll of the Scroll of Thoth, and spreads it before him on the floor. He also props up before her eyes, against the side of one of the exhibits, the metal disc mirror from the case of the Princess' jewels, which we saw in the Sequence "H", and she gazes into it throughout the scenes which follow. Little blue flames dance as before at each end of the open scroll. IM-HO-TEP commences to intone spells in ancient Egyptian.

(NOTE: Each syllable should receive the same stress, as in modern French.)

IM-HO-TEP
Nerneferre Ay Kere Sanati
Kemose Oeusre Apopo -

As he intones the spells, the light from the burning ancient lamp grows dimmer. During the brief visions that follow we occasionally hear IM-HO-TEP intoning. All the visions we show are round on the screen as though seen in the surface of the round mirror.

THE CAMERA FOCUSES on mirror which gradually grows larger until it fills the screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

L-10 ROUND IMAGE, VISION SEEN
IN MIRROR...MEDIUM SHOT HELEN

Her white powdered hair built upon head-dress, in the costume of a court lady in France in the 18th Century, standing beside fountain. Stretching away are rows of straight cypress trees. It might be an alley in the gardens of Versailles. Beside her is a young gallant who seems to be pleading earnestly. CAMERA MOVES UP TO CLOSE SHOT HELEN'S FACE as she looks at him with faint smile and shakes her head. CAMERA MOVES back as he turns away discouraged leaving Helen musing by the fountain.

(CONTINUED)

L-10 CONTINUED

THE ROUND IMAGE ON SCREEN becomes smaller rapidly until the mirror itself is seen and CAMERA PANS up from mirror to Helen, writhing on couch, her gaze fastened on mirror. Helen is clearly suffering, her whole frame shaken by the terrific mental strain of the experience she is going through.

CAMERA PANS to mirror again which grows larger until it fills the screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

L-11 ROUND IMAGE, VISION SEEN
IN MIRROR, CLOSE SHOT HELEN
IN THIRTEENTH CENTURY COSTUME

wearing the tall peaked hat and flowing robes of the period. She is standing still, looking down with expression full of feeling, her right hand outstretched. CAMERA PULLS BACK, a knight in armor is kissing her hand as she stands on dais and as CAMERA PULLS BACK FURTHER the hall of a medieval castle is revealed and a number of knights, all wearing the red cross of the Crusaders on their white tunics, are taking their leave of the lady of the castle.

THE ROUND IMAGE ON SCREEN becomes smaller rapidly until the mirror itself is seen and the CAMERA PANS up from mirror to Helen on couch, looking in mirror, IM-HO-TEP kneeling beside her before scroll.

CAMERA PANS to mirror again which grows larger until it fills the screen. We see round image as in mirror.

DISSOLVE TO:

L-12 VISION IN MIRROR, LONG SHOT
A BURNING WOODEN STOCKADE...
FOREST IN BACKGROUND

Fierce half-naked warriors with axes and spears stabbing and pursuing fleeing defenders and seizing women. The rough stockade has been broken. Thru this come faint shouts and screams, but very faint. Any sound effects used in these visions must be impressionistic and never approach realism.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

I-13 ROUND IMAGE IN MIRROR...
EXT. CENTRAL HUT WITH STOCKADE

Helen standing there, clothed in costume of Saxon Princess of the 8th Century, heavy barbaric jewelry. Two or three slave girls are scrubbing around her on their knees and a warrior desperately wounded bursts thru and throws himself at her feet. We see he is dying and he is explaining all is lost. Proudly and quietly she kneels down, kisses his brow, takes dagger from his belt, rises, looks about proudly and defiantly and as the gateway is crashed in by a few of the enemy she stabs herself through the heart.

MIRROR GROWS SMALLER AND CAMERA PANS TO Helen on couch, writhing and twisting as before. Since the last image it is more terrible and painful than the others, she half sits up with stifled scream and clasps her hands to her breast where she stabbed herself in the 8th Century, but does not take her eyes from mirror. CAMERA PANS TO MIRROR again which grows larger until it fills the screen.

I-14 ROUND IMAGE IN MIRROR...
INT. DUNGEON..STONE WALLS

A group of men and women in Roman costume are kneeling, an aged man with white beard is holding up rough wooden cross to them and they are worshipping it. Doors are thrown open, two Roman soldiers with spears enter. Most of the martyrs throw themselves on the floor, weep and cry, but one figure, and CAMERA MOVES TO CLOSE SHOT to show that it is Helen, rises, kisses the cross held by the man, leans down and murmurs to shrinking woman on floor. Ashamed of her weakness, the other woman gets up and they walk out together. CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM on to sand of arena, as faint, exulting, sadistic yells from mob are heard.

L-15 CLOSE SHOT IN MIRROR...
HELEN STANDING ALONE ON
SAND OF ARENA

watching barred door in wall of arena. Door is thrown open. CAMERA PANS TO DOOR and hungry lions rush out.

Mirror grows smaller and CAMERA PANS TO MEDIUM SHOT HELEN on couch as before, and IM-HO-TEP kneeling muttering spells before scroll.

CAMERA PANS to mirror which grows larger until it fills the screen.

L-16 ROUND IMAGE IN MIRROR
TWO SHOT IM-HO-TEP AND
HELEN

IM-HO-TEP in his costume as the High Priest, and Helen dressed as the Princess, wearing the same jewels (except the delicate crown). we have just seen put on her by IM-HO-TEP in the Museum, in each other's arms in a passionate embrace in the sanctuary of the goddess Isis in the Temple of Karnak, CAMERA DRAWS BACK as the Princess tears herself from IM-HO-TEP'S Arms and throws herself at the foot of the goddess, throwing dust on her head, then half-rising, stretching out her arms as if pleading for forgiveness for the sacrilege she is committing in her guilty love for the High Priest.

The statue of the goddess in this shot is identical with the statue seen in adjoining room in the Museum later in this sequence.

DISSOLVE TO:

L-17 MUSEUM...MEDIUM SHOT
IM-HO-TEP AND HELEN

He is still on his knees, but he turns from the scroll, the blue lights at each end of it die down, flame in the alabaster lamp burns more brightly. Helen slowly sits up. IM-HO-TEP is now kneeling at her feet.

IM-HO-TEP (in low voice charged with passion)
Anck-es-en-Amon!

L-18 CLOSEUP...HELEN

Gazing with love and rapture at the High Priest's face. She speaks very slowly, her voice charged with love.

HELEN

Im-ho-tep -- my beloved---
I thought I was dying ---
(She reaches out her arms to him as though for an embrace but he moves back)
You are still beside me ---

She looks around for the first time since she came to.

But -- where are we? This is my bed -- my bedroom lamp -- but this is not the Temple -- nor my father's palace --

IM-HO-TEP (holding his hand up over his eyes)
Do not look -- Anck-es-en-Amon -- do not be afraid!

HELEN

(softly)
I was afraid -- when you were kneeling beside the bed -- a veil came over my eyes -- darkness --

IM-HO-TEP

Your last memory is of me -- in the hour of your death -- when I knelt by your bed -- three thousand seven hundred years ago!

Helen now looks around. Everything in the room is ancient Egyptian, but it seems to her a strange set-up and her eyes come back to the mummy case.

HELEN

(with terror in her voice)
Are we in the Kingdom of Set? Are we both dead, Im-ho-tep?

IM-HO-TEP

We were dead, we are alive again. Let me show thee, O Princess, what I suffered for thy love -- how defying Amon-Ra himself I sought to bring thee back from the tomb to the sun of Egypt and to me -- Look!

(CONTINUED)

L-18 CONTINUED

He points to the mirror on the floor, as Helen bends her head over it. He turns to the scroll. The blue lights come up again, the light from the alabaster lamp dims. He begins to intone a spell.

IM-HO-TEP
Neferkesoahr!
Shepseskere Isesi --

The mirror grows larger as before until it fills the screen.
DISSOLVE TO:

L-19 ROUND IMAGE IN MIRROR

Flash of scene we saw before in Sequence "I". IM-HO-TEP withdrawing the casket from the pedestal of the statue of Amon in the Holy of Holies at Karnak, lifting up his head as he does so, watching the arm of the god extending flail threateningly toward him. A scream of horror from Helen comes through on sound track as this dissolves to flash of scene we saw in Sequence "I", guards seizing IM-HO-TEP in the tomb chamber when he was surprised in attempting to raise the Princess from the dead.
DISSOLVE TO-

L-20 ROUND IMAGE IN MIRROR OF JUDGMENT HALL OF PHAROAH
...MEDIUM SHOT

Showing the Pharaoh seated on his throne wearing white and red crown, clad like the statue of the god Amon, the flail in his hand. IM-HO-TEP, with two guards beside him, is standing before the Pharaoh. CAMERA PANS showing white-robed priests in b.g. The casket containing the Book of Thoth is on the floor beside IM-HO-TEP. IM-HO-TEP stands proudly with folded arms as the Pharaoh stretches out the flail towards him with the same gesture the god used in the sanctuary when the sacrilege was committed. Through this we hear the voice of IM-HO-TEP explaining to Helen what is happening.

(CONTINUED)

IM-HO-TEP

Thy father condemned me to
the nameless death -- the
scroll he ordered buried
with me -- that no such
sacrilege might defile
Egypt again.

As we hear this we see the
Pharaoh withdraw his arm.
Two guards seize Im-ho-tep
by the arms, two priests
pick up the gold casket con-
taining the Book of Thoth.
DISSOLVE TO:

L-21 ROUND IMAGE IN MIRROR...
CLOSE SHOT....UPPER LID
MUMMY CASE

Carved in the likeness of
Im-ho-tep wearing all his
regalia of the High Priest
of Karnak. This is the
same mummy case we saw in
the hut, Sequence "A".

(NOTE: This scene is his-
torically right because
Mummy cases for the great
were always prepared dur-
ing life.)

A hand comes in and tears
away the ceremonial beard,
then two hands with knife
chip over inscription and
deface the mummy case, cut-
ting out the hieroglyphics
that commend the dead to
the protection of the gods
of the underworld.
Im-ho-tep's voice comes
through.

IM-HO-TEP'S VOICE

See -- my doom -- the
sacred spells were torn
from my coffin -- my soul
could not leave my body --
and live again in other
lives on earth as thou
hast lived ---

DISSOLVE TO:

L-22 IMAGE SEEN IN MIRROR...
FULL SHOT...EMBALMING ROOM

Im-ho-tep, naked, in the
grasp of the embalmers
who are wrapping him up
in mummy bandages as he
struggles. The open coffin
stands nearby, and beyond
are two priests defacing
the mummy case. We see
an altar before statue of
Anubis, the jackal-headed

(CONTINUED)

L-22 CONTINUED

god in whose charge were the rites of embalment. The priest whom we saw surprise Im-ho-tep in the tomb in I-19 is in charge of these proceedings. He now has Im-ho-tep's job; for he now wears Im-ho-tep's old robes and insignia as the High Priest. This scene is too horrible to prolong but we hear a few faint screams coming from the struggling victim, and Im-ho-tep's normal voice, as he is talking to Helen, comes through these faint screams on the sound track.

IM-HO-TEP

Behold what I suffered,
Anck-es-en-Amon -- for thy
sake I defied the curse of
the most high gods ---

During this the embalmers drag Im-ho-tep toward the mummy case and force him into it, after tying bandages around his head.
DISSOLVE TO:

L-23 ROUND IMAGE IN MIRROR...
CLOSE SHOT...MUMMY CASE

Now closed with its defaced lid, as we saw it in Sequence "A"; propped up against embalming tables, and the new high priest, Im-ho-tep's successor, is reading from a papyrus document held before him by kneeling priest and emphasizing his reading with repeated gestures of his right arm with clenched fist shaken at coffin, indicating that some tremendous curse is being pronounced.
DISSOLVE TO:

L-24 ROUND IMAGE OF NUBIAN
DESERT BY NIGHT...SHALLOW
PIT IN FOREGROUND

Four slaves bearing Im-ho-tep's coffin approach followed by two other slaves carrying wooden box containing the caskets enshrining the Scroll of Thoth, the same wooden box we saw in Sequence "A". Following them is the High Priest,

(CONTINUED)

L-24 CONTINUED

two other priests carrying torches and four guards with spears.

At a signal from the High Priest, the slaves throw the mummy case contemptuously into the pit. The Priest takes the box and places it reverently into the pit. Then the slaves commence filling in the hole.
DISSOLVE TO:

L-25 ROUND IMAGE...SAME SCENE

The slaves have just finished filling in the pit and have smoothed out the sand and stones so that no trace remains. The High Priest turns to the armed guards with a gesture. The four guards raise their spears, each advances on one of the four slaves and kills him. Im-ho-tep's voice comes through.

IM-HO-TEP'S VOICE

A nameless grave -- the slaves were killed so that none should know -- the soldiers who slew them were also slain -- so no friend could creep to the desert with funeral offerings for my condemned spirit -- so that the Scroll of Thoth might forever be hidden from men ---

Mirror grows smaller as scene fades out, CAMERA PANS from mirror to scroll, blue lights die down, light from alabaster lamp comes up as before, CAMERA PANS to Im-ho-tep who rises and stands with folded arms looking at Helen who lifts her head from the mirror, slowly rises.

L-26 CLOSEUP...HELEN

Her eyes filled with tears, a great love in her face, as she stretches out her arms to Im-ho-tep

(CONTINUED)

L-26 CONTINUED

HELEN

No man ever suffered for woman -- as you suffered for me... And now -- the gods have forgiven us. You say it has been four thousand years -- but I can still feel your kisses -- in those stolen hours before the goddess ---

Im-ho-tep shrinks back ---

L-27 CLOSEUP...IM-HO-TEP

Showing fear.

IM-HO-TEP

Not yet -- not yet -- your soul is in a mortal body -- renewed many times since we loved in Thebes of old -- it may not mate with mine until the great change -

HELEN

I -- I do not understand, my love.

CAMERA DRAWS BACK TO
MEDIUM SHOT SHOWING
THE GLASS CASE CONTAIN-
ING THE MUMMY.

IM-HO-TEP

Look -- look and wonder!

Helen walks up to mummy case and looks down. The mummy itself is swathed in its fine linen bandages but she fastens her gaze on the lid of the mummy case which is lying beside it.

L-28 CLOSEUP...HELEN'S FACE

Her eyes staring in horror.
She starts back.

HELEN

The figure of myself... it is my coffin, Im-ho-tep -- made by my father against my death.

L-29 CLOSE SHOT...HELEN

As she points with finger to mummy.

HELEN

What mummy has usurped my eternal resting place?

(CONTINUED)

IM-HO-TEP

It is the dead shell of thee
-- I tried then to raise
this body -- I could raise
it now -- but it would be a
mere thing that moved at my
will without a soul.

Im-ho-tep wrenches off
the glass case, seizes the
mummy out of its shell,
and lugs it across to fire-
place in wall of room..props
it up in fireplace. Helen
half-fainting, supporting
herself on the glass case,
watches him. Through the
following action he contin-
ues to speak. He goes to
burning lamp, holds it in
his hand, walking to fire-
place and stopping there un-
til he finishes his speech.

It was not only this body I
loved -- it was thy soul, O
Princess -- I destroy this
lifeless thing -- for but a
few moments thou shalt take
its place -- and then rise
again as I have risen.
(he gestures to
Scroll of Thoth)

Im-ho-tep kneels, lights
mummy's feet with naked
wick of lamp, flames rush
up. (Mummies burn like
dried tinder) Im-ho-tep
rises, steps back holding
lamp, contemplating his
work. Then he turns to
Helen and says in command-
ing tones:
He picks up scroll, turns
towards door through which
Nubian disappeared. A
faint light comes through
this door and IM-HO-TEP
walks toward it holding
lamp and scroll, the light
from the burning mummy
throwing strange shadows
about the room.

Come!

CAMERA PASSES Im-ho-tep
and precedes him to this
door, stopping at thresh-
old.

L-30 FULL SHOT...EMBALMING
ROOM OF THE MUSEUM

This chamber, which we have
not previously seen, has been
fitted up by the Museum to
illustrate the arts of embalm-
ment of the ancients. Accord-
ingly, it contains all the nec-

(CONTINUED)

L-30 CONTINUED

essary implements to carry out the deed which Im-ho-tep contemplates with the Nubian's help. The FULL SHOT shows lamp similar to lamp used in other room, burning, and the Nubian is working over stone trough apparently containing liquid which he is stirring and which gives off fumes, evidently chemical, since there is no fire underneath.

The Nubian continues his task without looking up as CAMERA MOVES TO CLOSE SHOT stone embalming table. Looking down on table we see holes to receive head, depressions moulded in form of rest of body, little channels cut in stone to carry away embalming fluid. We saw exactly similar table and appliances in M-30 when Im-ho-tep was being bandaged up alive.

This table or slab stands, like an altar, before statue of Anubis.

Anubis is the jackal-headed god. This embalming slab is placed before him because Anubis was the god in charge of embalming ceremonies and guided the dead soul through the under-world. Anubis stands upright, the crux ansata in his right hand which is stretched fully downward, and the staff with which he guides the dead in his left hand, a tall staff, as tall as himself.

CAMERA SWINGS to small table and we see a long stone knife lying there.

CAMERA TURNS QUICKLY to broken exhibition case in wall. This is near lamp.

L-31 CLOSEUP BROKEN, EMPTY CASE BEARING INSCRIPTION IN ENGLISH, FRENCH AND ARABIC

"XA232, STONE KNIFE USED BY OFFICIATING PRIESTS FOR THE 'SACRED INCISION', THE FIRST STEP IN THE RITUAL OF EMBALMENT."

(CONTINUED)

L-31 (CONTINUED)

CAMERA TURNS to another case, also wrenched open, a large quantity of linen torn into endless bandages is lying beside it.

CAMERA MOVES TO CLOSE SHOT large statue of goddess Isis which occupies end of room furthest from door. This statue is the same, or like the one we saw (L-16) in the Temple of Karnak, before which the Princess threw herself in prayer after her guilty embrace with Im-ho-tep. The goddess holds the sistrum in one hand, the crux ansata or symbol of eternal life in the other, and her head-dress consists of the horns with the disc of the moon between them. CAMERA TURNS to door leading into room of the Princess, Im-ho-tep is standing there holding his lamp in one hand, the scroll in the other. He steps aside as Helen walks in.

L-32 CLOSEUP...HELEN

As she looks around wide-eyed with terror. She fastens her gaze on the Nubian.

L-33 CLOSE SHOT...NUBIAN

Who stops stirring the embalming fluid and looks up at her, then hurriedly resumes his job. During this scene we have the light of the two ancient lamps - one lit by the Nubian and already burning, the other carried by Im-ho-tep who now sets it down before the shrine of Anubis, also during scene whenever CAMERA TURNS TOWARD DOOR we see the light in the Room of the Princess rising and falling from the burning mummy. CAMERA PANS TO TWO SHOT Helen and Im-ho-tep

(CONTINUED)

L-33 CONTINUED

HELEN (shocked but not realizing what is intended)

Im-ho-tep -- the place of embalment -- it is not lawful for me - a Priestess of Isis may not touch or see no unclean thing!

CAMERA PULLS BACK as she turns to go but Im-ho-tep seizes her arm. This is the first time he has ever touched her.

L-34 CLOSE SHOT...IM-HO-TEP'S BROWN AND SKINNY HAND

Holding her white arm above the bracelets, and partly touching the short sleeve that comes a few inches down her arm.

IM-HO-TEP
Come to the altar of Anubis the Guide of the Dead -- the time has come for the final prayers --

HELEN
What have I to do with Anubis?

She pulls her arm away and CAMERA shows the print of Im-ho-tep's dusty hand on her bare flesh and robe. She looks down at it in horror and steps back.

L-35 CLOSEUP...HELEN

Looking at Im-ho-tep with horror and terror. There is no love now. The print of his hand seems to have made her realize that he is only a mummy. She turns wildly to flee.
CAMERA PULLS BACK TO MEDIUM SHOT as Im-ho-tep cries to Nubian:

IM-HO-TEP
Ruh, gab dar el bint!
(Arabic for "bring that girl back here",

Helen turns, staggers thru door. Nubian leaps after her.

L-36 INTERIOR...ROOM OF THE PRINCESS

Lit only by burning mummy, looking toward door into embalming room. Helen comes

(CONTINUED)

L-36 CONTINUED

through door, stops, gazing at mummy, on verge of collapse. Nubian comes up from behind, seizes her arm and drags her back, CAMERA FOLLOWING, into embalming room. Im-ho-tep points to embalming slab before god Anubis and Nubian drags her there and lays her on slab. CAMERA FOLLOWING TO CLOSE SHOT. She has ceased to struggle. Nubian releases her. Im-ho-tep gestures him back to stone trough of embalming fluid, kneels beside Helen.

L-37 TWO SHOT

Helen on slab. Im-ho-tep kneeling before her. She has fainted. Im-ho-tep puts scroll on floor, opens it, blue lights appear as before at each end and he commences series of incantations.

L-38 LIVING ROOM...WHEMPLE HOUSE
TWO SHOT..FRANK AND MULLER

The scientist, stern-faced, grim, silent, composed; Frank hysterical.

FRANK

She's with that demon from hell now, and I believe you know where they are! She's only us to help her-- I won't wait another minute -- if anything happens to her I'll kill myself!

MULLER

(gently and calmly)
My boy, you can help her best by keeping your nerve. I know how hard it's been to wait -- but now I hope we have him trapped -- Come!

FRANK

(overjoyed at the prospect of action, exclaims fervently)
Oh, thank God!

CAMERA PANS THEM through door.

L-39 STAIRCASE WHEMPLE HOUSE

As Muller and Frank hurry down it talking, CAMERA TRUCKING BEFORE THEM.

(CONTINUED)

L-39 CONTINUED

FRANK (astonished)
The Museum! How could he
get in at night? Anyway,
why should he?

MULLER
He has the scroll -- I be-
lieve he is trying to bring
Helen and the mummy there
together for some unholy
rites --

DISSOLVE TO:

L-40 EXTERIOR...NIGHT...TWO
SHOT...FRANK AND MULLER

In Frank's car speeding
through street, Frank
white-faced looking
straight ahead driving
furiously, Muller leaning
over talking in his ear.

MULLER
I will not tell you what
I suspect -- for I may be
wrong -- but I believe we
shall find them there
together....

L-41 EMBALMING ROOM AS BEFORE
...MEDIUM SHOT

Helen on the slab as before. Im-
ho-tep has stopped his in-
cantations and is looking
up at the god Anubis. The
Nubian, his job with the
embalming fluid ended, is
standing with folded arms con-
templating sacrificial stone
knife lying in front of him.
CAMERA MOVES UP to TWO SHOT
of Im-ho-tep and Helen.
Helen stirs, raises her head
weakly, opens her eyes which
dilate with horror as she
sees Im-ho-tep.

IM-HO-TEP (softly)
The gods will receive int
the underworld the spirit
of Anck-es-en-Amon -- but
not for long -- Osiris
will release thy soul ---

Helen sits up on slab.
CAMERA DRAWS BACK to
MEDIUM SHOT as Im-ho-tep half
turns, makes motion to Nubian,
who picks up the sacrificial
knife. Helen, looking at
Im-ho-tep, doesn't see this.

bg

L-42 TWO SHOT...IM-HO-TEP
AND HELEN

IM-HO-TEP

The ancient rites must be performed over thy body - and then I will read the great spell with which Isis brought back Osiris from the grave -- thou shalt arise again -

HELEN (interrupting, screams

No -- no -- I'm alive -- I'm young -- I won't die -- I loved you once -- but now -- you belong with the dead -- I'm Anck-es-en-Amor but I'm alive, in a young fresh body -- I'm somebody else, too - I want to live -- even in this strange new world --

She scrambles up off the slab as Im-ho-tep rises. She turns and sees the steaming caldron. She screams.

The bath of natron! You shall not plunge my body into that -- I love my body --

(she looks, turns around wildly)

L-43 CLOSE SHOT...HELEN

Standing, staring with horror as she sees Nubian.

CUT TO:

L-44 CLOSE SHOT...NUBIAN

Standing holding the stone knife, Im-ho-tep's voice comes through on sound track.

IM-HO-TEP'S VOICE

For thy love I was buried alive -- I ask of thee on a moment of agony -- only so can we be united --

As we hear Im-ho-tep's voice the Nubian holding knife half lifted commences to walk forward.

Let the deed be done!

CUT TO:

L-45 CLOSE SHOT...HELEN

Staring apparently at the advancing Nubian, CAMERA MOVES BACK showing Im-Ho-tep with outstretched right hand pointing at Helen, Nubian advancing on her.
(CONTINUED)

L-45 (CONTINUED)

Helen steps forward,
throws herself on knees,
clasps the Nubian's legs.

L-46 TWO SHOT...HELEN AND NUBIAN

HELEN

Don't kill me -- I'm a
Priestess of Isis -- I was
-- I'm someone else now --
save me from that mummy -
it's dead....

CAMERA MOVES UP TO CLOSEUP
Nubian's face looking down
at her. He looks toward
Im-ho-tep and CAMERA PANS
DOWN as he flings the
knife on the floor.
CUT TO:

L-47 CLOSE SHOT IM-HO-TEP

Features contorted by rage
as he steps toward Nubian,
flings his right hand in
his face.

L-48 CLOSEUP...IM-HO-TEP'S
RIGHT FIST

Showing the flashing
scarab.

L-49 CLOSEUP...NUBIAN

Whose face goes blank,
CAMERA PULLS BACK as we
see him sink to the floor
dead. CAMERA PANS DOWN.
Im-ho-tep sinks to one
knee and with right hand
picks up knife which
Nubian dropped. CAMERA
MOVES BACK showing Helen
standing panting.

L-50 MEDIUM SHOT...IM-HO-TEP

Knife raised; as he ad-
vances on Helen, she leaps
from him and puts the
trough of embalming fluid
between her and himself.
We see her face vaguely thru
the rising fumes. Im-ho-tep
moves slowly and with diffi-
culty; through the picture
he has always walked as if
strung together on wires.
The girl is able to elude

(CONTINUED)

L-50 (CONTINUED)

him so long as her strength holds out, and we may imagine plausibly that he is unable to put forth the magic powers with which he has struck down several men, because this ritual has to be carried out in a certain way to be effective. Im-ho-tep moves toward her and she screams. Her scream dies into a blast of motor horn as we CUT TO:

L-51 EXTERIOR MUSEUM...NIGHT...
SHOOTING FROM DIRECTION OF
SHARI'A TERLET EL-ISMA
ELIYEH

Car with Frank and Muller dashes with high speed by CAMERA into Museum courtyard. They both get out. CUT TO:

L-52 CLOSE SHOT...FRANK AND
MULLER

Standing by car.

MULLER

We must try to break in -- the best place would be the basement windows -- in the rear -

L-53 CLOSEUP...FRANK

Head elevated slightly.

FRANK

What's that smoke?

CAMERA PANS TO FULL SHOT MUSEUM WING showing smoke coming out of chimney.

L-54 MEDIUM SHOT...MULLER AND
FRANK BY CAR

Watching the smoke.
Frank shouts:

FRANK

Come!

He rushes round northeast corner of Museum, Muller after him.

L-55 EXTERIOR MUSEUM...
MEDIUM SHOT

Showing Frank, followed by Muller, climbing in window from which Nubian removed bars and through which the others made their entrance.

L-56 EMBALMING ROOM...MEDIUM
SHOT

Helen leaning exhausted against altar of Anubis, Im-ho-tep, holding knife in left hand standing near door of the Princess' room, thus cutting off escape, is panting as if exhausted. He is now trying spells and invocations - his right arm pointing towards Helen as he intones.

L-57 CLOSEUP...IM-HO-TEP

IM-HO-TEP

You shall rest from life like the setting sun in the West, but you shall dawn anew in the East -- as the first rays of Amon-Ra dispel the shadows, I shall loose the embalming bandages -- they will not be bandages at all, but the tresses of the goddess Nephthys as she leans down over you --

L-58 CLOSE SHOT...HELEN

Some of Im-ho-tep's last words come through this shot. She is panting like a trapped animal. She is clearly at the end of her strength. Either Im-ho-tep's spells or sheer human horror have beaten her and she looks as if she were going to faint. She turns her head and we PAN to the statue of Isis, calm, beneficent, serene, which fills the end of the gallery. CAMERA PANS BACK TO CLOSE SHOT OF HELEN as she turns to goddess holding out her arms. She seems to recognize the statue. She takes a few steps forward and sinks on her knees at the base of the statue, her

(CONTINUED)

L-58 (CONTINUED)

back to Im-ho-tep. She bumps her head three times on floor and makes gesture of scattering dust on her head, as we saw her do in the retrospect before same or similar statue (L-16). Then she raises herself to her knees, lifts head to face of goddess and throws out her arms in prayer.
CUT TO:

L-59 DARK CORRIDOR

Voices coming through darkness, noise of stumbling about.

FRANK'S VOICE

This must be the 18th Dynasty wing -- How many more matches have you got?

Match is struck and we see faintly Frank and Muller. Muller stumbles and falls. Match goes out.

What was that?

Muller lights another match now on knees and we see body of guard. Muller rises slowly, match illuminating his own and Frank's face, as he says:

MULLER (grimly)

And so I was not mistaken.

L-60 MEDIUM SHOT OF IM-HO-TEP AT OTHER END OF EMBALMING ROOM FROM STATUE OF ISIS

The knife half raised in his right hand, taking cat-like steps forward as CAMERA PANS to statue showing the kneeling Helen, her back presenting perfect target.

L-61 CLOSEUP...HELEN AS SHE PRAYS

HELEN

O Isis -- Holy maiden -- I was thy consecrated vestal -- I broke my vows -- save me now -- teach me the ancient summons -- the ho: spell I have forgotten -- I call upon thee as of old!

(CONTINUED)

L-61 (CONTINUED)

Her voice pauses as CAMERA
DRAWS BACK showing Im-ho-tep
a few feet away, his arm
raised to stab her in the
back. He is about to strike
the blow when she remembers
the spell and leaps up,
triumphantly flings out her
arms to goddess. Her sudden
movement prevents Im-ho-tep
from striking. He rises
from crouched position as
she cries in clear and
ringing tones:

HELEN

Sehotpe-ib-re Mem-mosut
Sit-sekhem!

Im-ho-tep now erect and
poised to strike pulls
back his arm with stone
knife. He stops in mid-
air. CAMERA MOVES TO
CLOSEUP Im-ho-tep staring
in terror and horror.
CAMERA PANS TO HELEN from
side angle showing her
standing triumphantly
erect, head up, her arms
outstretched as the right
arm of the goddess moves
slowly, holding out to
her suppliant priestess
of old the crux ansata or
symbol of eternal life --
this is fashioned in the
form of the hieroglyph
meaning "millions of millions
of years" -- There is a
blinding flash of light.
CUT TO:

L-62 A DARK CORRIDOR IN MUSEUM

Muller and Frank revealed
for an instant as if by
distant flash of lightning,
then their voices are heard
in the dark.

FRANK'S VOICE

What was that? A flashlight?

MULLER'S VOICE

Come -- up these steps --

CUT TO:

L-63 ROOM OF THE PRINCESS..
LONG SHOT

Now very faintly lit by
last faint light from
almost consumed mummy,
shooting towards door to
other gallery, not the
door to embalming room.

(CONTINUED)

bs
L-63 (CONTINUED)

Frank and Muller rush in, turn, look at fireplace, look at each other, look at the empty glass case where the mummy belonged. We see only a collapsed heap in the fireplace but it still burns. Muller turns head, CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM and we see faint light through door leading to embalming room, where the two lamps are still burning within. Muller points. The two men hurry to the door of embalming room, Frank pushing Muller back so that he may go in first. CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM and as they stop petrified in door -- CUT TO:

L-64 LONG SHOT OF EMBALMING ROOM

Shooting from door where Frank and Muller stand. In foreground nearest CAMERA lies the Nubian dead. Across the granite step which is the base of the statue of Isis Helen is sprawled.

Between the statue of Isis and the altar of the god Amubis, the Scroll of Thoth is burning on the floor. Beside it, in a crumpled heap, his Priest's robe visible but not much else in this shot, lie the remains of Im-ho-tep. CAMERA PANS SHOWING the two men in door, too paralyzed to move for a moment, then Frank runs to Helen, throws himself down with a great cry.

FRANK
Helen!

Muller follows him.

L-65 CLOSEUP...MULLER

CAMERA PANS down to Frank kneeling, holding her in his arms.

MULLER

Call her, Frank -- he dragged her back to As has Egypt -- call her - hencient for you may bridge the r love centuries!

FRANK

Helen - Helen - speak to me -- come back to me -- come back to love and life -- I'm Frank -- Frank calling you --

CAMERA MOVES BACK showing the group of three, Muller watching intently.

L-66 CLOSEUP ... HELEN

She opens her eyes, gazes with love into Frank's face, murmurs.

HELEN

Frank!
(puts her arms around his neck)

L-67 CLOSEUP...MULLER WATCHING

He gives a great sigh of relief and passes hand across his brow as though wiping away sweat.

CAMERA PANS showing Frank tenderly embracing Helen and then PANS WITH MULLER as he walks over to remains of Im-ho-tep and the scroll which is now entirely consumed, only a faint smoke curling up from its ashes. As Muller looks down CAMERA PANS TO CLOSE SHOT OF IM-HO-TEP. The mummy has dessicated as mummies do when not properly embalmed after they are exposed to air. The leg bones are seen, the head has separated from the trunk and is little more than a skull. One arm has come off. We see some bones, some dark skin -- the robe mercifully covers most of the remains.

FADE OUT.

THE END